took place in the Baptist chapel, Stanningley. In the afternoon, a sermon, eminently suited to the occasion, was preached by the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, from Psalm lx. 4. At the conclusion of the service, which was well attended, a public tea-meeting was held in the Primitive Methodist school-room, when about 300 sat down to tea. The public meeting in the evening was held in the Baptist chapel, which was well filled, Mr. Joseph Bradley, one of the deacons, occupying the chair. After singing and prayer, Mr. Joseph Gaunt, deacon, gave some interesting details concerning the state of the cause in the past and present, and concluded by giving Mr. Watts, on behalf of the church, publicly, the right hand of Christian fellowship; an example which was afterwards followed by the Rev. J. P. Chown and other speakers. Mr. Watts responded, giving in a brief address a few of the reasons that had induced him to accept the call of the church. Very cordial addresses of welcome to the newly-elected pastor, and of sympathy with him and his congregation, were then made by the Revs. J. P. Chown, of Bradford; E. Parker, of Farsley; J. Haslam, of Gildersome; A. Ashworth, of Bramley; and J. Harper, of Horsforth, Baptists; G. W. Harris, of Stanningley; and J. Atkinson, of Pudsey, Independents; and E. Browning, of the Methodist Free Church, Bramley.

New Mill, Tring.—Recognition services in connexion with the settlement of the Rev. R. Shindler, as pastor of this church, were held on Tuesday, May 9. In the afternoon, the Rev. W. P. Balfern, of Hammersmith, preached from 2 Thess. iii. 1; after which 170 persons took tea in Mr. S. Liddington's malting. In the evening, a meeting was held, under the presidency of T. H. Harris, Esq., of Woodford, who gave expression to his high esteem of the pastor, founded on an acquaintance of some years. A very appropriate prayer having been offered by the Rev. W. Emery, of Hemel Hempstead, on behalf of minister and people, the Rev. T. Peters, of Watford, addressed the church in a pointed, vigorous, and telling manner. The Rev. W. P. Balfern then gave a very affectionate address to the pastor, and the Rev. W. Woods, of Woolwich, followed in an address to the congregation, remarkable for its solemnity, directness, and spiritual fervour. After a few words from Mr. Shindler, the Rev. W. Sexton, of Tring, concluded with prayer. The other brethren who took part in the services were, the Revs. J. Mountford, of Leighton Buzzard; T. Williams, of Aston Clinton; and J. Butcher, of Weston Turville. The attendance was good throughout. The church at New Mill has been in existence two hundred and ten years, having been founded in the time of the Commonwealth.

West Hartlepool.—On Sunday, May 7th, services were held in connexion with the opening of the new Baptist chapel in this town, when appropriate sermons were preached by the Rev. G. V. Barker, of Sunderland. On May 8th a public tea-party was held, at which upwards of two hundred persons sat down to tea; which was followed by a public meeting. The chair was taken by the Rev. J. Charter (the pastor of the church), in the absence of John Candlish, Esq., of Sunderland, who had promised to take it, but was unavoidably prevented; and encouraging congratulatory addresses were delivered by the Revs. G. V. Barker and W. Bontems (Baptist), T. Campbell (Presbyterian), F. Jewell (New Connexion), W. Cranswick (Wesleyan), and Mr. E. Lowdon (Free Methodist). On the Tuesday evening, the Rev. A. A. Rees delivered an historical lecture on "The Reign of Terror." The friends who form the church have been meeting for worship, during the three years of its existence, in a rented hall, which was, however, destitute of many conveniences; and this led them to resolve, about fourteen months ago, to make an effort to build a chapel. Enough ground was obtained on which to build a chapel and school-room; and the latter, capable of holding about two hundred persons, is the building which has just been opened, which will be used as a chapel till increased numbers make a larger place necessary. The total cost, including that of the ground, is about £560; towards which the friends have paid about £250.

Goodshaw, Lancashire.—The first services in the new chapel in this place were held on Good Friday, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford. On Sunday, the 16th of April, the Rev. J. Jefferson, of Southport (formerly pastor of the church), preached in the morning, and the Rev. C. Williams, of Southampton, in the afternoon and evening. Sermons were also preached on Sunday, the 23rd of April, by the Rev. J. Strovan (Independent), of Burnley, in the morning, and the Rev. Dr. Brewer, of Leeds, in the afternoon and evening. The Revs. P. Prout, Haslingden; R. Maden, Ramsbottom; R. Evans, Burnley; J. Howe, Waterbarn; and W. G. Fifield (pastor of the church),

also took part in the services. The chapel, which is built in the Lombardo-Italian style, freely treated, will accommodate nearly 600 persons; and has been erected at a cost of about £3,150, including the amount paid for land. Previous to the opening, nearly £2,000 had been raised by the members of the church and congregation, assisted by other friends. The collection at the opening services amounted to £132. A loan of £300 has been promised by the committee of the Baptist Building Fund. The services were well attended, and gave great satisfaction to those present.

GOSPEL OAK FIELDS, LONDON.—This church, assembling for the present in Albert Hall, Malden Road, N.W., held its anniversary on Monday, the 24th of April. Tea was provided in the school-room, and the public meeting was held at seven o'clock. The proceedings were commenced by singing and prayer; after which the chairman, the Rev. C. Woollacott, introduced the object of the meeting in a few words of cordial sympathy. Mr. Wilkin then gave an account of the origin and history of the church, and of the views of doctrine and practice on which it is founded. Mr. Coles, the superintendent of the Sunday school, read the report of that institution, from which it appears that seven hundred children have passed through the school since the commencement, in September, 1861, of whom two hundred and twenty are now in attendance. Excellent and appropriate addresses were then delivered by the Revs. H. Dowson, of Bradford; W. Trotman, of Blackmore; and D. Wassell, of Bath, on—"The Church's Allegiance to Christ;" "Work in the World;" and "Ultimate Triumph." The attendance, both at the tea and public meeting, was very good. On the following Sunday, two excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Stock, of Devonport.

STONEY STREET, NOTTINGHAM.—A tea-meeting, given as a farewell to the Rev. James Lewitt, co-pastor of the General Baptist chapel, Stoney Street, Nottingham, who was about to leave his present sphere of labour for another at Scarborough, took place in the Mechanics' Hall, on Tuesday, April 25th, and was very largely and respectably attended. After tea, a public meeting was held, when the large hall was crowded to excess; the chair being occupied by Mr. A. J. Mundella. The proceedings were opened with singing and prayer. The chairman opened the meeting by kind and appropriate remarks. Addresses were also delivered by the Revs. E. Stevenson, of Loughborough; W. Jones, of Derby; J. Welch; and W. R. Stevenson. In the course of the evening, a presentation of a timepiece and a purse of fifty pounds in gold, with an affectionate address, was made to Mr. Lewitt by the Rev. W. Underwood; other testimonials were also presented by Mr. Cooper, on behalf of the young men's Bible-class, and the girls' vestry class; and by Mr. J. Fernyhough, on behalf of the Young Men's Improvement Association. Mr. Lewitt —in affectionate terms—acknowledged the testimonials, and the meeting closed with prayer.

SHARNBROOK, BEDS.—The laying of the foundation-stone for the enlargement of the old Baptist chapel, Sharnbrook, Bedfordshire, for the ministry of the pastor, the Rev. Alfred Peet, took place on April 14th. Prayer was offered by the Rev. W. Bull, of Wellingborough. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Robinson, of Stanghton, and J. S. Wyard, of St. Neot's. Mr. Peet then gave a short history of the faith and practice of the church, after which he presented Mr. J. Ward, of Souldrop, with a silver trowel, in the name of the church, congregation, and friends; also a French-polished mallet, the gift of the architect. The stones were then laid by Mr. Ward, and his sisters, Mrs. Deacon and Miss Ward, who placed thereon £200 towards the expenses of the building. The following ministers were present on this interesting occasion, viz.:—The Revs. W. Willis, [illegible]saunds; W. Ward, of Irthlingborough; K. Dexter, of Thurleigh; and W. Watson, of Risely. About 370 friends sat down to tea in a barn, kindly lent for the occasion. Mr. Bull, of the Tabernacle, Wellingborough, conducted the service in the evening, and the collections of the day amounted to £32 5s. 6d. The enlargement will cost about £600.

AIRDRIE, N.B.—On Thursday, May 4th, ordination services were conducted in the Baptist chapel, Airdrie, when Mr. Adam Horne, of Glasgow College, was set apart to the work of the ministry. The Rev. James Paterson, D.D., of Glasgow, conducted the introductory part, and put the usual questions to the church and to Mr. Horne. These being satisfactorily replied to, the doctor, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Culross, Stirling; Young, Glasgow; and Flett, Paisley, engaged in the ordination of Mr. Horne, by prayer and the laying on of hands. Mr. Culross then addressed the young pastor, and Mr. Young the church. The service was brought to a close by praise and

prayer. This service was in the morning. In the evening there was a *soirée* held, over which Dr. Paterson presided till half-past eight. Then the Rev. Mr. Horne performed the duties of the chair. The following ministers delivered addresses in the course of the evening, viz.:—Revs. Messrs. Glover, Young, Medhurst, Glasgow; Haig, Kirkcaldy; Brown (Established Church), Roberts (U. P.), Henderson (R. P.), Airdrie.

GOSPORT.—On Tuesday, the 2nd of May, meetings were held at the Baptist chapel, Forton, Gosport, in connexion with the ordination of the Rev. James Neobard, as pastor of the church. The morning service was commenced with reading and prayer by the Rev. W. Tidd Matson, Independent minister, Gosport. The Rev. George Short, B.A., of Hitchin, described the nature of a Christian church. The Rev. C. H. Burton, of Landport, asked the usual questions; after which the Rev. J. Hunt Cooke, of Southsea, offered the ordination prayer. The charge to the newly-elected pastor was delivered by the Rev. J. Angus, D.D., of Regent's Park College, London. In the afternoon a numerous company of friends sat down to tea; and in the evening an impressive sermon was preached to the church and congregation by the Rev. A. Tilly, of Cardiff; the Rev. C. J. Moss, Independent minister, Gosport, taking the devotional part of the service. The Revs. H. Kitching and E. G. Gange, of Landport; F. Colman (Wesleyan), Gosport; and J. D. Bate and F. V. Tymms, of Regent's Park College, also took part in the services.

BRAINTREE.—A very interesting meeting of the members of the Baptist church, Braintree, was held in the school-room, on Thursday, May 11th. This church has adopted the method of meeting periodically in different sections for Christian fellowship. This, however, was a meeting of the church collectively, as the last of a series for the winter season. After tea, Mr. A. Adkins, on behalf of the members, in an appropriate address, presented the Rev. John Mostyn, pastor, with an elegantly-bound copy of "Bagster's Comprehensive Bible," as a token of love. Mr. Mostyn feelingly acknowledged the testimonial, and, in the course of his remarks, stated that ninety-nine had been added to the church since his settlement; that new school-rooms had been erected, at a cost of more than £300—and all paid for; and that the cost of the improvements they are now effecting in the chapel and grounds would be met by the time they are completed. Encouraging addresses were delivered by several of the members.

CARLTON ROOMS, SOUTHAMPTON.—The fourth anniversary of the Baptist church in the Carlton Rooms, Southampton, was held on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 16th and 17th. On the Tuesday, the Rev. E. G. Gange, of Portsmouth, preached two eloquent sermons at Above Bar Chapel (lent for the occasion). The annual tea and public meeting was held in the same place in the evening, when upwards of three hundred and fifty sat down to tea; the large hall being quite filled at the meeting, which was addressed by the Revs. T. Adkins, C. Chambers, R. Caven, W. Grigg, C. Williams, W. Lake, and S. March. Collections were made after the sermons and at the meeting in aid of the new (Carlton) chapel now being erected for the church and congregation. From the report of the secretary, read at the meeting, it appeared that £500 had been collected, in cash and promises, during the past year. The chapel was begun about two months ago; the corner-stone, it is hoped, will be laid about the end of June.

WELLINGTON STREET, LUTON.—On Monday, May 15th, a very interesting meeting was held in the school-room of this place of worship, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means to be adopted for raising funds to pay off a debt of £600 still remaining on the building. The meeting was well attended, over which James Waller, Esq., presided. It was proposed to raise the money in the following way, viz., by donations and collecting cards, and—if these should not be sufficient—to hold a bazaar in the spring of next year. The chairman very generously promised £10 in each £100; Mr. Toyer £5 in each £100. Mr. Cox, a member of the Wesleyan body, after some remarks, offered £5 towards the object. Many other promises were made during the evening by members of the congregation; and at the close of the proceedings it was ascertained that the sum of £280 had been raised. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. H. Ashbery, the Rev. J. Stanbridge, and several other friends.

LLANDOVERY.—On Tuesday and Wednesday, May 9th and 10th, the quarterly meeting of the Carmarthenshire Association was held at Llandovery. There was a goodly gathering of ministers on the occasion. The morning service on Wednesday was made special for the recognition of Mr. D. Maurice, of Haverfordwest College, as pastor of the church. The Rev. T. Davies, D.D., delivered the charge to

the youthful minister; the Rev. J. Williams, of Aberdare, preached to the church; and the Rev. B. Williams, of Pembrey, late of London, offered special prayer for the minister, and addressed the hearers generally on the importance of possessing both the form and the power of godliness. The Revs. W. Lewis, Felinfoel; G. H. Roberts, Tabor; J. O. Griffiths, Llandilo; J. W. Maurice, Cayo; W. Rogers, Pembrey, and other ministers, took part in the various services. Mr. Morris commences his ministry with fair prospects of success.

NEW CHURCH STREET CHAPEL, EDGWARE ROAD.—On Wednesday evening, May 10th, a *soirée* and public meeting was held to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the settlement of the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Burns. J. Everett, Esq., presided. A purse of sovereigns was presented to Dr. Burns from the ladies and friends of the congregation by Mrs. C. L. Balfour, who, with her husband, have been members of the church for twenty-five years. The purse was especially designed to meet the expenses of the doctor's recent tour to Florence, Rome, Naples, and Pompeii. Dr. Burns gave a rapid sketch of the history of the congregation from the commencement to the present time, and then gave a sketch of Rome in Passion week. Addresses were given by the Revs. Mr. Stott, Batey, Clifford, Dawson, Burns, and Mr. Balfour. Select pieces were sung by the choir, and the delighted and enthusiastic meeting separated about ten o'clock.

PEMBREY, CARMARTHEN.—On Good Friday and Easter Sunday, April 14th and 16th, the Tabernacle Baptist chapel, Pembrey, was re-opened for divine service, after having been considerably enlarged for the accommodation of the increasing congregation under the pastorate of the Rev. B. Williams (late of London). The chapel was built about nine years since at a cost of £600. Since then the population has so rapidly increased that the church deemed it expedient to enlarge its boundaries, and the work commenced last June. The building is quite plain, but neat and commodious, measuring 60 feet by 40 feet, with galleries all around, and Sabbath school. The whole expense of the enlargement was £660, of which nearly half has been contributed. The brethren that officiated at the re-opening were the Revs. Dr. Price, Aberdare; Jones, of Swansea; Thomas, of Cardiff; Roberts, Llwynhendy; and Davies, of Llandilo.

MONTACUTE, SOMERSET.—Recognition services, on the occasion of the settlement of Mr. Kerr, from Mr. Spurgeon's College, were held at Montacute, Somerset, on Easter Monday. The afternoon service was commenced with reading and prayer by the Rev. D. Jennings, of Lyme; after which one of the deacons detailed the circumstances which led the church to invite Mr. Kerr to become the pastor. The Rev. J. Price (late pastor of the church) asked the customary questions, and offered the ordination prayer. The Rev. G. Rogers then delivered an eloquent and affectionate charge to the pastor, and concluded the service with prayer. After tea, at which about 250 sat down, a large gathering of friends met in the chapel to hear addresses from the following gentlemen:—Messrs. J. B. Burt, D. Jennings, W. Densham, G. Taylor, J. Field, T. G. Ness, and Mr. Kerr. The Rev. G. Rogers occupied the chair.

ARMLEY, NEAR LEEDS.—On Good Friday afternoon, the 14th of April, the annual tea-meeting of the Baptist church and congregation was held in the preaching room, Armley, when a large number sat down to tea. After tea a public meeting was held, Mr. Marles, of Leeds, in the chair. Addresses were given by Mr. James Kendall, of Rawdon; and Messrs. Thackrah, Scarlet, Birch, Bilbrough, and Lawson, of Armley. The whole of the proceeds of the tea and meeting will go to the fund for the erection of a new chapel, which, in this thriving and populous district, is very much needed. The church here is in a flourishing condition, and the congregations are very good. Mr. Marles, of Leeds, has accepted an invitation to become pastor, and will enter upon his labours before long.

BARROWDEN.—The Baptist chapel at Barrowden—having been closed for the last six weeks for the erection of a platform pulpit, and the making of other improvements—was re-opened for divine worship on Sunday, May 14th, by the Rev. W. Orton, of Louth, preaching two excellent sermons. The congregations were overflowing, and the collections good. On the Monday a tea-meeting was held in the school-room, which was numerously attended. A public meeting was held afterwards in the chapel; Arnold Goodliffe, Esq., of Nottingham Park, took the chair. The meeting was ably addressed by the Rev. W. Orton, the Rev. G. Fowler, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Hedges. Upwards of £60 was raised, and the debt incurred by the improvements liquidated.

GROVE ROAD, VICTORIA PARK, LONDON.—The foundation-stone of a new Union

chapel, Grove Road, Victoria Park, was laid on Monday, May 15th, in the presence of a numerous assemblage, by B. Scott, Esq., Chamberlain of London. The Rev. D. Katterns, of Hackney, offered the dedicatory prayer, and the Rev. Dr. Angus delivered the address. The chapel and schools are estimated to cost about £7,000; the chapel to seat 900; the schools, 1,000. A tea and public meeting was afterwards held in Peel Grove Hall, Bethnal Green; at which several neighbouring ministers and friends expressed their fraternal wishes for the Rev. W. Allen Carr, of Regent's Park College, the minister.

SWAFFHAM, NORFOLK.—Meetings were held in the Baptist chapel here on Good Friday, to welcome the new minister, the Rev. T. A. Williams, from Haddenham. The annual church-meeting was held in the afternoon, and at the tea-meeting after about 200 were present. In the evening there was a public meeting, when Mr. Lindsey, one of the deacons, introduced Mr. Williams, and—on behalf of the church and congregation—gave him a hearty welcome. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. F. Moore, W. Gould, J. Smith, W. Corner, R. Vynne, and the pastor. The chapel was quite full, and the services were interesting and impressive.

SAUNDERSFOOT.—On Monday, May 1st, Mr. James Williams, of Haverfordwest College, was publicly recognized as pastor of the Baptist churches at Saundersfoot and Lanteague, Pembrokeshire. The sermons to the minister and the churches were preached by the Revs. Dr. Davies and T. Burditt, M.A., tutors of the college. The Revs. D. Davies, Pembroke; J. Williams, B.A., Narberth; T. Pryce, Manorbier; and D. George, Milford, took part in the services of the day. Mr. Williams begins his ministry with heart and hope, looking to the people for co-operation, and to God for success.

BERKHAMPSTEAD.—On Good Friday, at a public meeting in the Town Hall, Great Berkhampstead, on behalf of the Baptist church in course of erection, a handsome and valuable timepiece was presented to the Rev. J. Lawton, by his young men's Bible-class. At Christmas, Mr. Lawton was the recipient of a valuable sofa, the gift of his church and congregation, in acknowledgment of his devoted services; but since that time the Bible-class had increased from three to twenty-two members.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—The Rev. C. Kirtland, of Canterbury, has accepted a unanimous and hearty invitation to the secretariat of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission, and will enter on the duties of his office on the first of June. For the present, correspondents are requested to address private letters to Canterbury, and those connected with the mission to 33, Moorgate Street, London, E.C.—The Rev. R. Williams, of Hengoed, has received and accepted a unanimous call from the Baptist church at Tredegar.—The Rev. H. C. Howells has removed from Cefnbychan to take the oversight of the Baptist church at Sirhowy, near Tredegar.—The Rev. John Harrison, of Rawdon College, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the Baptist church, Stoney-Stratford, Bucks.—The Rev. Edwin Brown, of Rawdon College, has accepted a cordial and unanimous call from the Baptist church, Inskip, Lancashire, and purposes commencing his ministrations on the third Sunday in July.—The Rev. J. Drew has been compelled, by continued ill health, to relinquish the pastorate of the church at Trinity Road, Halifax, which he has done to the great regret of the people. The climate of Halifax has proved unfavourable to Mr. Drew's health. He has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation from the church at Margate; and will commence his labours there on the first Sunday in July.—Mr. D. McCullum, of the Baptist Association of Scotland, has received and accepted a very cordial invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Cupar, Fifeshire.—The Rev. R. Davies, Bala, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church at Rhuddlan, Flintshire, to become their pastor, and intends to commence his labours with them on the last Sabbath in May.—The Rev. F. Britcliffe, of Birkdale Park, Southport, has received the cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Skipton, Yorkshire; and commenced his labours as pastor on the first Sabbath in May.—The Rev. J. Parkinson, having resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, Hinckley, Leicestershire, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the Baptist church, Guilsborough, Northampton, and commenced his labours there on the 16th of April.—The Rev. J. R. Jenkins, having accepted the cordial invitation of the Baptist church, Rayleigh, Essex, entered upon his labours the first Sabbath in last month.—Mr. F. Robertson, late of Regent's Park College, has accepted the invitation of the church and congregation at Potter's Street, Harlow, to become their pastor.—The Rev. Robert Lewis, of Ross, Hereford, has accepted the pastorate of the church

worshipping in the Assembly Rooms, Weston-super-Mare.—Mr. James Hughes, of the Baptist College, Pontypool, has accepted the unanimous and cordial invitation of the church at Ashton-under-Lyne, and intends commencing his ministerial labours on the second Sunday in June.

GENERAL.

DENIAL OF BURIAL RITES.—For nearly thirty years past there has resided in the village of Church Lench, Worcestershire, a respectable tradesman named James Rose, a mason, for several years an attendant and communicant at his parish church, of which the Rev. Martin Amphlett is the incumbent. For reasons best known to the parishioners of Church Lench, and their appointed pastor, anything but a satisfactory state of things has existed for some considerable time amongst them, and there has been a lamentable alienation between minister and people. Mason Rose had a wife, and Mrs. Rose, like many other women, had a habit of "speaking her mind" now and then. It is said that she did so to the rector himself a few months ago, and with such an effect that he at once absented himself from the residence of the Roses, treating them as strangers out of his pale. Owing to this estrangement a minister of the Baptist persuasion, the Rev. S. Dunn, of the neighbouring village of Atch Lench, became a regular visitant at Rose's dwelling, where he was always welcomed. At length sickness entered the residence of the Roses, and laid its master low. The Rev. S. Dunn continued to visit Mr. Rose, and was constant in his attentions upon the invalid. However, Mr. Rose got worse, and was considered to be in a dying state. Up to this time the incumbent, the Rev. M. Amphlett, had not visited him during his illness. Hearing that he was thought to be dying, the rev. gentleman sent his clerk to visit Mr. Rose and inform him that he (Mr. Amphlett) would, if he wished it, call and see him, but on condition that he would "order that Dunn off first." This the dying man declined to do, as Mr. Dunn had kindly visited him during his illness; but at the same time sent word that if Mr. Amphlett would call he should be glad to see him. Three times the same day did Mr. Amphlett convey to the dying man this inconsiderate request through the parish clerk, but with a like result. For three weeks after this Mr. Rose lingered on, receiving during the whole of that time the visits of the Rev. S. Dunn, but none from the minister of the church of which he was both a member and a communicant. On Sunday, March 26, Mr. Rose died. The Rev. Mr. Amphlett refused to allow the bell to proclaim to his parishioners "the departure of a soul." On the same evening, Mr. and Mrs. Bird, of Evesham (a daughter of the deceased), waited upon the Rev. Mr. Amphlett, when he informed them that the deceased might be buried in the churchyard at Church Lench; he would himself meet the corpse at the gates, and go direct with it to the grave, but on no consideration whatever would he allow the corpse to be taken into church. Mrs. Bird then asked the rev. gentleman what he had against her father, when he replied he had nothing against him but allowing "that Dunn" to visit him during his illness. Mr. Bird, on remonstrating with the parson for wishing to bury his father-in-law "like a dog," was told that if he (Mr. Bird) had not been a respectable tradesman, he should order him out of his house for speaking in so insulting a manner to a clergyman and a magistrate. Mr. Bird, not choosing to have his deceased father-in-law interred with these maimed rites, was compelled to go to the expense of hiring a hearse and mourning-coach, to take the corpse of Mr. Rose to Pershore, seven miles distant, where, in St. Andrew's churchyard, it was decently interred on Friday, March 31st.

VISIT OF THE REV. J. P. CHOWN TO AMERICA.—The Rev. J. P. Chown, pastor of the Baptist church and congregation assembling in Sion Chapel, Bradford, left Liverpool for New York on Wednesday, May 17th, accompanied by Mrs. Chown, upon a three months' visit to the United States. On the previous Monday evening, a very large farewell meeting, composed of the various Baptist congregations in the town, was held in Sion Chapel. The meeting was opened by devotional exercises, and the Rev. H. Dowson, who presided, briefly addressed Mr. Chown, remarking upon the strong impulse of spirit which he had for some time felt to visit our brethren on the American continent, and noticing the features for which America and its people were chiefly remarkable. Mr. Chown, he proceeded to say, was going to America at a very remarkable crisis of its history and its destiny. He was going there at the close of a terrific, sanguinary, and awful war. It was better to go at the end of a war than at the beginning; better at the close of a fray than when hosts were being marshalled for the work of slaughter. Yet he would find the triumph of the North tempered very much by that great national calamity which the whole civilised world deplored. And he would tell

America how much England sympathized with her in the mysterious removal of her talented and upright President; how much we rejoiced that this terrible war was coming to a close; how much we desired not only the emancipation of her black population, but that they should be placed, politically, upon a level with the white man. He would tell America that there were thousands and tens of thousands of Christians in this land who would ever, and under all circumstances, deprecate a war with that country; that we should consider such a war to be not only a calamity to the civilized world, but to the whole universe of God; and he would tell her that England and America must always love one another, stand by one another, and go forth hand in hand to advance liberty and true religion over the whole earth (hear, hear). The reverend gentleman concluded by expressing, on behalf of himself and the congregation, their best wishes for the prosperity, safety, and usefulness of Mr. Chown and his beloved partner in their journey. Mr. Chown responded with much feeling, and closed the service by pronouncing the benediction.

Ecclesiastical Intolerance near Great Ellingham, Norfolk. — Near this place, in this nineteenth century, lives a godly rector who refused lately to inter the body of a young man twenty-two years old, the son of a widow who is a member of the Baptist church here. It appears that the rector had visited this young man occasionally during his illness, and used all the influence he possessed to induce the young man to be baptised by him; but the young man, preferring the teaching of Christ and the apostles rather than the rector and his unscriptural forms, declined being made a Christian by the forms that do not express the truth, choosing rather to rely, by faith, on the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. In the last visit of the Rev. J. J. Kiddle, Baptist minister, Great Ellingham, to this young man, he for the first time stated the case, and said, "Mr. I—— says I cannot be a Christian, or be entitled to the privileges of a Christian, without baptism." He then expressed his own views on the subject, and desired to hear read the account given in the New Testament of the baptism of Jesus, and then exclaimed, "Jesus is my Saviour! I believe in him; I rest upon him; and if I was able now I would be baptized as he was!" But he rapidly sank, and soon died. As the rector refused to inter the body, the Rev. J. J. Kiddle performed the burial service in the highroad by the churchyard gates; after which the body was carried to the grave, and silently laid therein.

Editorial Notes for the Month.

Before the publication of our last number, and while the sheets were still in the press, all England was shocked by the news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Even now, though weeks have passed away since then, and though the chair which Mr. Lincoln occupied for more than four years is held by his successor, we can scarcely realize that the great good man, who conducted the Union with such marked ability through its long sad struggle, and brought it to the very verge of victory, has passed away: and the thought that he died by the hand of a cowardly assassin, a man not worthy to unloose the latchet of his victim's shoe, adds poignancy to our grief. But Abraham Lincoln—the greatest American since Washington, the liberator of the captive, and the opener of the prisons to them that were bound—lies now in the church in his old home at Springfield, among those people of Illinois whom he loved so well: he has been carried to his quiet grave, followed by hundreds of thousands of citizens, black as well as white, who, with one voice, made great lamentation over him. Not yet has the time come for depicting the character of him who is gone. Great and good as we thought him, we hear with

wonder, now that we have lost him, of incidents in his life that raise to the very highest our estimate of his royal and manly qualities. He was a prince of men.

The only consolation we have in the death of Mr. Lincoln, is that his work was done when he died. On the very day of his assassination, the old flag which had been torn down by traitors four years before, was unfurled on the heights of Fort Sumter; and since then one General after another has surrendered himself and his soldiers to the Federal power. Jefferson Davis is a fugitive, and an accused murderer.

"Now, none so poor to do *him* reverence."

Mr. Johnson, who has succeeded Mr. Lincoln, has entered vigorously on the work of reorganization. *Slavery has been declared by him to be everywhere abolished.* Before many months have passed, we expect to see the flag of the Union everywhere recognized, and the American people resuming their course of prosperity and progress, unimpeded by the system of slavery which has been so long their curse.

At home, we are all engaged in making preparations for a dissolution of Parliament. That event—which will be welcome, we suppose, to every one but our octogenarian Premier—will not it is expected be delayed beyond the middle of next month; and then the country will be plunged into the turmoil of a General Election. What will be the "cry" of the Liberal party, we are as yet uninformed. As far as at present appears, we shall be expected to rally, as usual, to the call of "Palmerston for ever!" If Lord Palmerston *is* successful, we expect he will owe it chiefly to the policy of his opponents. Mr. Disraeli's manifesto, which is already issued, is as Tory as Tory can be. The leader of the Conservatives goes to the country, in this year 1865, with the old cry of "Church and King." The chief argument for voting for Palmerston will be, that it will be voting *against* Disraeli. For ourselves, however, we confess to considerable indifference as to "which king shall reign." Palmerston, perhaps, but not certainly, will be the less of two evils. But we should be glad to see the growth of a party which should recognize neither one nor the other. Dissenters, at least, have their own battle to fight. In that battle both Palmerston and Disraeli will be *really* hostile to them. We shall not be surprised if many are disposed to say, "Better an avowed enemy than a false friend!"

Of the Annual Meetings, which have been concluded since we last wrote, we have given an account elsewhere. That account will show that the meetings were unusually well attended, and unusually interesting. We trust that good results will follow, and that the Societies will be still more liberally sustained, and be the means of doing more and more for Christ as the years roll by.

THE

BAPTIST REPORTER.

JULY, 1865.

PRAYER AND PREACHING.

We remember being once in a Roman Catholic Cathedral, in a German town, which was crowded from altar steps to western door with apparently absorbed worshippers. The mass went on; every lip was moving in prayer; the little bell rang out, and every head was bowed; more imperative it rang again, and a deeper hush seemed audibly to settle on the crowd; once more it sounded, and the very breath was held. The mystery was over, and a priest, certainly a villanous-looking fellow, went into the pulpit. It was like reading the Riot Act. Up got nine-tenths of the whole congregation, and left the poor preacher to hold forth to the empty praying-chairs. The next Sunday we were in a Baptist chapel in England. The service began with a handful of people; the first hymn was read to an accompaniment of rustling silks whispering, and heavy boot-heels clamping, down the aisles; people came dropping in without the air of being later than ordinary till about the half of the worship was over, and there was a tolerable audience for the sermon. The Catholics went to worship, and shirked the instruction; the Protestants were not inclined to pray, but did not mind listening to a sermon. Each did according to their kind; for it would not be difficult to show that while Roman Catholicism tends, by all its peculiarities, to strike out of Christian worship the one half—teaching, Protestantism, and especially English Dissenterism, is very apt on its part to reduce to too great unimportance the other half—devotion. The state of our Nonconformist congregations in regard to the properly devotional part of our public services has long been most unsatisfactory. There is something wrong either in the manner of congregational worship, or in the spirit of the nominal worshippers—possibly in both. Wherever the fault may be, it is sorrowfully manifest that there is one somewhere. The habitual lateness of attendance, the quiet vacancy of expression with which a congregation gets through the needful prayers and hymns, the strange variety of attitudes, speaking of listlessness, or decorous simulation of interest, or utter abstraction from all that is going on, which you may see during "the long prayer," as it is called, tell how the people feel. The official air of the minister, the scarcely masked repetition, Sunday after Sunday, of the

same petitions—all the evils of a form with the addition of the evil of a sham, are too frequent signs how fatal to his own freshness of piety that part of his work so done becomes. The popular phrases are full of melancholy significance. "I am going to hear Mr. —— preach." The very placards on our walls tell how deeply the disease has struck. They proclaim with their biggest, blackest letters, "Sermon," and hint in a little line at the bottom, like a soft whisper, "Service will commence at ——." It is sad indeed to have to believe that any body of Christian churches lacks true devotion; but, while we can thankfully acknowledge the energy, and the liberality, and the many other graces which belong to the Christian life of the present day, we fear it cannot be denied that the prayer of the church is feeble and formal, and that whatsoever other tokens of vitality we may possess, they are only such as may consist with a very languid pulsation of the heart.

It is painful to think how little we make of our public worship in contrast with what it might become. The undue preponderance which we give to the element of instruction has blinded us to the transcendent worth of the other element of devotion. The prayer of the collected church is the highest and noblest function of the church. That great Christ-like task of intercession whereby is fulfilled the majestic promise, "He hath made us priests to God," and whereby most mightily the power lodged in the hands of God's family on earth is wielded for the world's good against the world's evil, is the sublimest work which man can perform. If we needed to compare the importance of the inseparable parts of the great whole of Christian duty, it would be the strictest accuracy which should place the prayer of the church high above its work on and its word to men, as being the sacredest and the strongest of the weapons it wields. The act of public prayer not only is the embodiment of the highest office of Christian men, but it calls into play a whole class of emotions altogether different from those excited by the ferventest solitary supplication. Bringing us into closest contact with each other, it delivers us from the overweening regard to our own selfish sorrows, and sins, and wants, which may often spoil, and must always taint, the cries to God which go up from a lonely heart. To unite with our brethren in real devotion is the cure for many a hypochondriac morbid emotion simulating religion, for many an exaggerated idiosyncracy blinding our vision of truth, for many a selfish desire, and many a narrow thought. To pray alone is indispensable for those who carry each the awful solitude of an immortal responsible soul, who have mostly to live alone after all intercourse, to die alone after all love, to give account by themselves at the judgment-seat; but to pray fervently alone without longing for prayer in company is impossible, and to pray in company without having fervently prayed alone is impossible. The one act comes from the sacred individuality which God gives and Christ first of all glorifies; the other comes from the no less sacred social nature, equally the gift of God, and the renewed gift of his Son: and the latter is, we doubt not, nobler than the former, in the same measure as the community is mightier than all of the atoms composing it, and as the life realized in society is manifestly, by

Divine ordination, higher, fuller, and every way richer, than even the analogous acts of a life narrowed and stunted by solitude. Common prayer is the highest expression of the common life of God's children. It is the strongest weapon we can wield for him. It is the most powerful uniting agency we can employ to fuse into one glowing mass the atoms that are isolated when they are cold, and flow together if only they are melted. It is the crown and flower of all solitary devotion. It is needed to complete that, and to develop aright the life of Christ in each soul. Being all this, and far more, what an aspect a congregation of praying men ought to present! Intense earnestness, calm because so deep, not crackling because glowing all through at a white heat, should sit visible on each of them; and the voice that rises from their midst should bear in its very cadence the sound of their tremulous tension of soul, and in its words the impress of rapt communion with the living God. Alas! alas! is this what we know of our public worship?

The notion that we meet chiefly to hear sermons works most disastrous effects on all sides. To say nothing more of the harm it does the prayers of our congregations, the harm it does the preachers and the hearers can scarcely be overrated. Both alike are tempted to regard the sermon, for which everything else is sacrificed, as a mere intellectual exercise. Indeed, we know of nothing which has more powerfully fostered the craving for "intellectual preaching" which so many good men are now beginning to run a-muck at, than the idea which these same good men have helped to keep alive, that people go to chapel to hear sermons. If your whole tone of speech, and thought, and habit about public worship has been, "the sermon is everything and the prayers are nothing," you have no need to wonder that preachers whom you have done something to make undevout should give you sermons scarcely distinguishable from review articles. We deplore the tendency of which we cannot but be sensible, to make discourses from the pulpit assimilate to discourses from the lecture platform, and to emasculate the appeal to men's hearts and consciences of its power. We are satiated and sick of the affected relish for "intellectual preaching," and of the poor spasmodic stuff which passes under that name; and precisely because of our dislike of the thing do we point to our mistake about the true character of our public worship, as being mainly concerned in the permission, if not the production, of a style of pulpit address, which brings down the preaching of the Gospel to the level, and below the level, of the platform and the lecturer's desk. An undevout congregation makes an undevout sermon. An audience which is only an audience—that is, which comes to hear and not to pray—will generally get very little worth hearing, and will be little fit to benefit by what it gets. The sermon for which the worship is sacrificed, is sacrificed by the same act. It may retain eloquence, lustre, logic. It may be an admirable speech, a masterly disquisition, and so on; but as a sermon, unless it fall on hearts prepared by prayer, and sustaining, through the knowledge and radiation of their devotion, the speaker's devotion while he speaks, it is all unlikely to be of much worth.

We cannot but think that much might be done to alter this state

of things, even without either alteration in forms, or the possession of a largely increased devout spirit among us. There might be, with our present position in regard to both, a right feeling about the importance of the devotional part of our worship. Why should not the diffusion of that be made a more prominent subject of pulpit addresses, of church meeting conversation, and by other ways be pressed upon the churches? Great numbers of our congregations have never had their plain duty in this matter plainly laid before them. It is not recognized with sufficient clearness by Christian people, that one of the gravest dangers threatening the spiritual condition of the church at present is the apathy to the devotion of God's house exhibited by Christian men. The Sabbath breakers and the habitual non-attendants startle us by their numbers; but, if we could get a census of the attendants who are non-worshippers, we should be startled no less. All this has to be brought home to the consciences of thousands of respectable working members of churches. That habit of late coming is not a trifle, but a very ominous sign. It needs to be plainly dealt with, not as if it were an annoyance and a source of irritation to a nervous preacher, but as a downright sin, which tells of low devotion, which robs the late comer of what might have quickened his heart, and wantonly weakens the prayers of the whole congregation. Surely, too, it would be possible to breathe a higher tone through the services. It seems to us that there is a woful want of unity and purpose in our order of worship. The hymns have nothing to do with the chapters, and the chapters not much with the prayers, and the prayers still less with the sermon. Would it not be possible, by a little forethought and care, to secure that the tone of the sermon should give the key-note to all the parts of the service, without sacrificing any of the variety and width which is essential? Could not what is called "the long prayer" be divided, as is done in some congregations? In a word, should not the order of our devotion have as much flexibility as is consistent with any order at all, and as much forethought and care as is consistent with freedom?

For our own part, we should be disposed to add, that there should be as much of the audible participation of all the people as may be found possible. Responses, Methodist Amens, the repetition of the Creed, and the like, embody what we fail in—the uttered voice of the gathered people: our prayer-meetings embody what we would gladly see adopted in our public services *when we are fit for it*—the priesthood and intercession of the whole church, as speaking through various members. We are by no means ripe for that yet, and to precipitate formal changes is only to delay them. They will come without our going to meet them. But we would gladly see some signs that we were getting ready for changes in that direction; and most gladly would we see the prayerful spirit so abundant in the church, that, having filled all the forms which we now possess to overflowing, it would have to call for more and other vessels to contain its fulness. In the meantime, we shall not do much to increase the "wine" by scouring the "vessel," though possibly some more regular and prominent recognition of the church in the prayers would be a wise,

as it certainly would not be a wrong thing. We have no faith in a Liturgy, or changes of that sort. It would be a remedy that would aggravate the disease, though it might mask its progress. But what we want is, first of all, that attention should be turned to the error and danger under which Protestants, and especially Dissenters, lie, of over-estimating preaching, and under-estimating prayer, in their public services; next, that those who have the power should seek to breathe more earnestness into their own participation in the public worship, whether they speak or are silent, and should seek to influence others; and, last of all, which is the foundation of all, that all should seek, by a more constant experience of close secret fellowship with the Lord, to bear about a life so baptized in him, that its whole activity shall be prayer and its whole being worship. Such heat of secret devotion would flame in the public assembly, where even the feeblest dying embers by contact gather warmth, and burst into a blaze; but where, too, those who come together without prayer as a preparation, and prayer as their purpose, and prayer more fervent as their end, come together for the worse and not for the better.

THE CHURCH AT CORINTH.

(Continued from page 226.)

Ἀναλάβετε τὴν ἐπιστολὴν τοῦ μακαρίου Παύλου τοῦ ἀποστόλου· τί πρῶτον ὑμῖν ἐν ἀρχῇ τοῦ εὐαγγελίου ἔγραψεν; Ἐπ' ἀληθείας πνευματικῶς ἐπέστειλεν ὑμῖν περὶ αὐτοῦ τε καὶ Κηφᾶ τε καὶ Ἀπόλλω, διὰ τὸ καὶ τότε προσκλίσεις (factiones) ὑμᾶς ποιήσασθαι.—Clemens, Ep. i. 47.

III. In all works of early Christian art, and notably in the Roman Catacombs, St. Paul is portrayed as of short stature, bald head, clear gray eyes looking out from under projecting shaggy eyebrows, aquiline nose, pointed beard, long oval face, and a figure bent and worn with many toils. That he was of a nervous and highly susceptible temperament may be inferred from the impulsive and passionate tone of his letters,—an inference which the voice of tradition confirms. His opponents at Corinth, while admitting that his Epistles were weighty and effective, assert that he was of an "infirm" habit of body, and that as an orator his "presence" was unimposing, and his rhetoric "contemptible."* This "weakness," to which Paul himself constantly alludes, he attributes to the exhausting labours which came upon him in his care for all the churches, and the manifold "perils" he had affronted in his missionary journeys.† At Corinth his "infirmities" sorely pressed upon him, he having so much to do, and so little strength with which to do it; he was with them "in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling,"‡ nervously anxious lest his constitutional debility and frequent sicknesses should hinder the effect of his Gospel.

The labours he wrung from his "weakness" are almost incredible. The infant church was composed of two main sections, each of which gave him perpetual cause for fear lest he should have bestowed his labour upon them in vain. The Gentiles, Greeks and Romans, formed by far the larger section of the Corinthian church; and these were men who had only just renounced the

* 2 Cor. x. 10. † 2 Cor. xi. 23, et seq. ‡ 1 Cor. ii. 3.

licentious worship of heathen divinities, who still held grossly immoral acts to be innocent or indifferent, and who found the doctrines of a future life and the resurrection of the body almost too incredible for belief. If the Gentiles formed the more numerous, the Jews formed the more energetic, section of the church; and these were men who still retained the rite of circumcision and the observance of the Sabbath, who abstained from "meats" and attended the great Hebrew festivals, and who were eagerly bent on imposing the yoke of their traditions on the neck of their Gentile associates. During his whole stay at Corinth it was Paul's task to contend against the habitual licentiousness of Heathenism and the no less habitual intolerance of Judaism,—a very grievous task to a man of his pure catholic spirit.

Hard as it was, this was by no means his only work. During the eighteen months for which, to use Luke's phrase, Paul "sat" at Corinth,* we are not to suppose that Corinth was anything more, nor does Luke's phrase imply that it was more, than his head quarters. In the opening of his Second Epistle to the Corinthians,† Paul salutes not only "the church of God which is at Corinth," but also "all the saints that are in all Achaia;" and the breadth of his salutation appears to indicate that his labours as teacher and evangelist had extended through the whole province of which Corinth was the metropolis. Communication with other parts of the province was easy and frequent both by land and by water. Argos was but two days' journey to the south of Corinth; there, as we learn from Philo,‡ there was a community of Jews, to whom as his brethren after the flesh Paul would desire to speak. About the same distance to the east lay the city of Athens, which Paul had briefly visited on his way to Corinth,§ and to which he no doubt paid repeated visits that he might confirm and enlarge the faith of his disciples. Within a few hours' walk, along a road alive with traffic, was the port of Cenchreæ, where, as we learn from the Epistle to the Romans,‖ a "church" of Christ had been established. To these, as to other cities and harbours, his connexion with which we can no longer trace, the indefatigable apostle, though now a gray infirm man of sixty years of age, would doubtless often travel, winning men to the faith, or establishing them in righteousness.

These were "the churches of God"¶ in which, as he told his Thessalonian converts, Paul boasted of their faith and patience. For, as though it were not enough for him to compose the differences of the Corinthian converts and to extend his labours through the whole province of Achaia, the apostle during his sojourn in Corinth wrote his two Epistles to the church at Thessalonica. From Timotheus, who joined him at Corinth, he had heard of the persecutions to which the Thessalonians were exposed, and of their misconceptions of his teaching concerning the second advent of Christ. Therefore he writes to them, comforts them in their affliction, and corrects the errors into which their eagerness for the second coming of the Lord had hurried them. In one passage of his Second Epistle** there is an allusion to his apostolic labours at Corinth and the oppositions he had to encounter, especially from the Jewish section of the church, a passage which gives us a direct glimpse into his troubled heart: "Brethren, pray for *us*, that the word of the Lord may be glorified . . . and that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men; for"—and one can imagine with what a sigh this sentence would be penned—"the faith is not for all."

At last, having continued these varied and exhausting labours for the space

---

* Ἐκάθισεν. Acts xviii. 11. † 2 Cor. i. 1. ‡ Philo, de Leg. ad Cai.
§ Acts xvii. 15, *et seq.* ‖ Romans i. 16. ¶ 1 Thessalonians ii. 4; iii. 2-6; iv. 13, *et seq.*
** 2 Thessalonians iii. 1, 2.

of a year and six months, Paul set sail from the port of Cenchreæ for Ephesus. Here he remained, after a flying visit to Judea, for full three years, "disputing and persuading" with the Ephesians "the things concerning the kingdom of God,"* and hence, towards the close of his sojourn in Ephesus, he wrote the letter known to us as the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

IV. The history of the church at Corinth during the three years which elapsed between the departure of Paul and the arrival of his First Epistle is for the most part sufficiently clear, though no little obscurity hangs over certain minor passages in it which have to be laboriously inferred from scattered and uncertain allusions.

The first fact of any note which occurred after Paul left Corinth was the arrival of Apollos,† the Jew of Alexandria, an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures. The Alexandrian Jews were famous for their learning and culture, their profound acquaintance with the Greek systems of thought, and their ardent endeavours to express the truths which came by Moses in the terms of Greek philosophy. Apollos, who had shared their advantages and who was a man of a very studious and fervent spirit, after a brief course of instruction from Aquila and Priscilla,‡ who "expounded to him the way of God more perfectly," arrived at Corinth shortly after the departure of St. Paul, and "helped them much who had believed through grace," mightily convincing the Jews that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah foretold by their Scriptures. Founding himself on the very truths which Paul had made familiar to the Corinthians,§ "watering" what he had planted, "building" on the foundation which he had laid, Apollos was able to meet the Greek craving for "wisdom," *i.e.*, speculation, and for "words," *i.e.*, rhetoric. Eloquent by natural gift, and accustomed to translate revealed truths into philosophical terms, he was gladly welcomed by the Gentile members of the church, some of whom soon announced their preference of his scholastic ornate method of teaching over the grave simplicity, the "great plainness of speech," which Paul affected while at Corinth.

Another event which largely influenced the Corinthian church was the arrival of certain Judaic teachers, armed with "letters of recommendation"‖ from (probably) the church at Jerusalem. Teachers of this stamp—Rabbis, Scribes, Pharisees—who had adopted the Christian faith without giving up the law of Moses, tracked Paul's steps wherever he went, and were a perpetual tormenting hindrance to him in his great work. They prided themselves on having "known Jesus after the flesh," or with holding their commissions as Christian teachers from the apostles who had "companied with Him from the

---

* Acts xix. 8.

† *Apollos* is the abbreviated form of Apollonius. And here, in this name, we meet with another of those minute and undesigned coincidences which go so far to establish the accurate truth of the Apostolic History. The New Testament tells us that Apollos, or Apollonius, was of Alexandria. Now this was the name of the first governor left by Alexander the Great in the province of which Alexandria was the capital; and from that time Apollonius, or the abridged form Apollos, became one of the commonest names in the city, many parents naming their sons after the popular governor.

‡ Acts xviii. 24, *et seq.*

§ See the honourable testimony borne to his labours at Corinth already cited from Acts xviii. 26, 27, and again in 1 Cor. iii. 5, 6.

‖ Many references to these *Epistolæ Commendatoriæ* will be found in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, and notably in 2 Cor. iii. 1. Allusions to similar emissaries from the church at Jerusalem, and, after the destruction of Jerusalem, from the "school" at Batanea, are scattered through the inspired Epistles. One such will be found in Gal. ii. 12. Professor Plumptree, in his poem "Thoughts of a Galatian Convert," vividly sets forth the pernicious consequences of their pride and bigotry.

beginning;" or they claimed a special authority on the ground of their intimacy with "the brethren of the Lord," or as members of the "school" which these "brothers" of Jesus had founded at Batanea.* They were of a Jewish rather than a Christian heart; for while they received Jesus as the promised Messiah, they still held themselves to be the chosen people, the theocratic nation, entitled therefore to the exclusive favour of God. If other nations or persons desired to share His favour, they must submit to circumcision and avow themselves proselytes to the Hebrew faith: to believe on Christ and work righteousness was not enough. Hence their aim was to make the synagogue the porch to the church, to turn all the Gentile converts into Jewish proselytes who should differ from other Jews only in that they recognised Jesus of Nazareth as the Christ of God. At first they would be content with nothing short of this, hoping no doubt that if by enforcing circumcision they kept some Gentiles aloof, they should win over a large number of Jews to the Christian faith. In so many words they assured the earlier Gentile converts, "Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved."† But after the decision of "the Council of Jerusalem," a decision which excused Gentile converts from the burden of the law,‡ they were compelled to change their tactics. The decree of the Council assumed, or seemed to assume, that the Jewish Christians would continue to observe the law of Moses. Of this they took advantage, insisting on the separation of those who observed the law from those who did not observe it. They held and taught that uncircumcised Gentiles were in a lower spiritual condition than circumcised converts; that only the latter were true sons of faithful Abraham and in full acceptance with God.

Now this was not a mere question of words, and names, and outward observances. The question really at stake was, Whether those who believed in Christ should be simply an additional Jewish sect, or whether they should form a catholic Christian church, altogether distinct from the synagogue, "dead to the law," and open to all who trusted in the Son of God. Hence the harassed apostle so passionately opposed himself to the Judaising teachers who marred his work, and roundly assured his Gentile converts, "If ye be circumcised, Christ shall profit you nothing."§

At Corinth, the church being so largely Gentile, these Judaising teachers did not venture to require circumcision; nor as the memory of "father" Paul was still fresh and dear to many of its members, did they at first venture to attack him openly. The attack was covert. They began to ask, as we may infer from the apostle's defence,‖ whether Paul had "seen the Lord?" whether he had wrought any mighty "works?" and whether these were not the invariable and authentic signs of a true apostle? They doubted whether, if Paul were indeed an apostle, he would not "lead about a sister, a wife, as well as other apostles and the brethren of the Lord, and Cephas."¶ They hinted that if he had not his own doubts about his apostolic calling, he would not scruple to accept a maintenance from the church instead of working with his own hands.** In short, they followed the usual course of the sticklers for a blind and narrow orthodoxy, and turned the freedom and boldness, the unconventionalism, and unclericalism, and generosity of the earnest teacher against himself. These hints, and insinuations, and seeds of doubt, bore bitter fruit before many months were past; and those "unreasonable and wicked men," growing bold by Paul's continued silence, did not scruple to affirm that they could discover none of the signs of a veritable apostleship, whether in his character or work.††

The worst and most mischievous result of their wicked interference was the

---

* Julius Africanus, in Eusebius, *H.E.*, i. 7. † Acts xv. 1. ‡ Acts xv. 22-29.
§ Gal. v. 2. ‖ 1 Cor. ix. ¶ 1 Cor. ix. 5. ** 1 Cor. ix. 6, *et seq.* †† 2 Cor. x.-xii.

rise of that factious spirit, the correction of which occupies so large a place in both St. Paul's Epistles to the church. The Roman genius for party strife, the tendency to faction which had long been recognised as "the peculiar malady of the Greek commonwealth," the rigid pedantic formalism of the Jews,—these, with the turbulent democratic habits of the people of Corinth, made it inevitable, perhaps, that parties should spring up in the church. But that they sprang up so early as they did was owing mainly to the presence of the teachers from Jerusalem, and the way in which they fanned a naturally factious temper into a flame.

The church was split up—"the Christ divided," as Paul phrases it*—into four different factions, whose respective war-cries were, "I am of Paul," "I of Apollos," "I of Cephas," and "I of Christ."

The Faction of Peter, those who said, "I am of Cephas"—preferring the *Hebrew* form of the apostle's name—were the open disciples of the Judaic teachers, and were themselves, no doubt, mainly of the Jewish stock. Peter was "the Apostle of the Circumcision," and to him all those clave who prided themselves on their Hebrew descent and privileges. They laid stress on the special promises made to St. Peter, and inferred the inferiority of Paul as compared with "the Rock" on which the church was to be built. They depreciated Paul as an advocate of celibacy. They probably declaimed on his audacity in venturing to withstand Peter to his face when that unstable apostle gave his voice for imposing circumcision on the Gentiles. They iterated and reiterated that Paul had never seen the Lord, till even Paul himself seems to have grown somewhat sensitive on that point; and they affirmed that it was an indispensable qualification of an apostle that he should be one of those who "companied" with the disciples "all the time that Jesus went in and out among them." They appear even to have accused him of "walking in craftiness, and handling the Word of God deceitfully,"† of being actuated by selfish and sinister motives, of being neither a true Hebrew nor a true minister of Christ.‡

It was natural that as the Jewish members of the church gathered round the teachers from Jerusalem, the Greeks should rally to the Apostle of the Uncircumcision. Hence arose *the Faction of Paul*. They had caught somewhat of their master's bold free temper. They were disposed to ridicule the scruples of their less enlightened or less courageous brethren; to laugh at idols as bugbears; to enjoy all the good creatures of God, and sometimes to abuse them; to decry the law, and disregard days and ceremonies.§ Some of them went so far as to exult over the fall of the holy nation, and to glory in *their* exemption from the yoke of circumcision as though it had been won by their own prowess. As the Jewish Petrine party grew more rigid in their formalism, more narrow in their dogma, more exclusive in their spirit, the Gentile Pauline party grew more disposed to carry freedom into licence, and to refine on the doctrines of the Gospel till they lost their savour, or to pervert them into arguments for immorality. Paul had taught them that the law was dead to them and they to the law, meaning that they had a spirit in them which would guide them into a free natural holiness apart from and better than the righteousness of outward forms: they interpreted him to mean that they might break the law of God with impunity. The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, said Paul; "circumcision availing nothing, nor uncircumcision," meaning to set forth the independence of the true religious life on outward forms: they interpreted him to mean that all outward actions were indifferent, and that sins of the flesh were of small account. "Ye are risen with Christ," affirmed Paul, meaning that the

* 1 Cor. i. 13. † 2 Cor. iv. 1, 2. ‡ 2 Cor. xi. 22, 23.
§ 1 Cor. viii. 1, *et seq.*; ix. 19, *et seq.*; x. 23, *et seq.*

dying of the Lord Jesus for sin effects a corresponding death to sin in the believer, and His resurrection a corresponding resurrection to holiness: they interpreted him as denying the physical resurrection of Christ and the future resurrection of the body, thus occasioning the grand argument of the fifteenth chapter in the First Epistle.

The Faction of Apollos seems to have consisted simply of those who, while they held to the truths taught by Paul, preferred the eloquent philosophic expression of them given by Apollos. Their error was an undue love of speculation and the glittering splendours of rhetoric. And there would perhaps have been no great harm in this preference if it had not led them to elevate Apollos, much against his will,* into Paul's rival. As partisans they began to exaggerate all the minute points of difference they could discover between the two teachers, and gradually formed that craving for the mere wisdom of words and an airy speculative way of handling the Gospel truths which, as Paul warned them, was fast emptying the cross of Christ of its saving contents.†

The Faction of Christ is commonly held to have been a subdivision of the Hebrew party which claimed to be of Peter.‡ St. Paul had not seen the Lord while He was on earth; and those who claimed to pertain with special right to "Christ" may have been those who had seen Him, or who clave to such of the teachers from Jerusalem as had seen and followed Him. On the other hand, they may have been, though this is held to be less likely, those members of the church who, when it first split into factions, refused to join any of them, or to be known by any name save the Common Name. If they were, they must at last have so condemned sectarianism as to become sectarian, and been so ready to quarrel with brethren of a less catholic temper as to lose their catholicity,—a posture of affairs not altogether unknown in the present day. But the opinion which carries the greater weight of authority is, that they were simply a variety of the faction which named itself after Cephas, just as the followers of Apollos were simply a variety of the faction which gloried in the name of Paul.

The "*weak brethren*,"§ of whom we hear so much in St. Paul's First Epistle, do not appear to have belonged to any of the factions, or at least not to have been conspicuous in them, but to have been, for the most part, Jewish members of the church who could not fully take up the liberty with which Christ had made them free. They were of a tender sensitive conscience, full of scruples, fettered by early habits, and prejudices, and superstitions; not able to decide rapidly and conclusively between evil and good. And, like most persons of this infirm and relaxed temper of mind, they were mainly busied with ordinances and observances,—wanting to know whether they might eat meat from the temple shambles, whether they might intermarry with the heathen, or, indeed, marry at all; anxious, above all things, to be minutely accurate in their forms, and orthodox in their opinions; for ever putting cases of conscience to themselves, and not able to extract any authoritative reply. There was great danger for nervous self-distrusting casuists such as these, amid the turbulent factions of the Corinthian church,—danger lest they should have their scruples overborne, and be led by bolder spirits to do that which, though not wrong in itself, would be wrong in them. St. Paul is very tender in dealing with these "babes in Christ," extending to them the protecting gentle pity which strong men yield to nervous women and weak frightened children.

---

* From 1 Cor. xvi. 12, it appears that Apollos knew how his name had been abused, and was reluctant to revisit Corinth lest his presence should seem to sanction the abuse.

† 1 Cor. i. 17. ‡ 2 Cor. x. 7, *et seq.* § 1 Cor. viii. 7; ix. 22.

MORE LETTERS OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL.*

TO THE REV. JOHN RYLAND, JUN.
[Of Northampton, afterwards Dr. Ryland, of Bristol.]

"DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—I should have wrote much sooner had I not been prevented by that spirit of delay which I confess is too natural to me; however, I may plead in my excuse, indisposition of body, with which I have been attended this week past to a very high degree. I have been seized with a very violent pain in my stomach, from which I am at present far from free, and which renders it extremely disagreeable to set to do anything; however, I find myself getting better, and hope by the good hand of God upon me, I shall speedily recover. I received your letter, as I should everything that comes from so valuable a friend, with pleasure and gratitude, and return you my sincere thanks for your freedom and tenderness in telling me of my faults, but am sorry you should indulge the least suspicion of my taking it ill; strangely perverse and depraved indeed must he be who can take offence at the kind and salutary admonitions of a superior, a benefactor, and a friend! Could you think so ill of me! had you any reason! or did I give you any! If I did, I sincerely beg your pardon; but if not, must think you rather severe upon me, in entertaining any such thoughts. I cannot vindicate my neglect of writing to my father, and therefore shall not attempt it; but, still, I must beg leave to observe that there is a possibility of erring on either hand, and should be sorry in avoiding one extreme to be pushed into the other. I might write too often to my friends, to the prejudice of ease, fortitude, and improvement; for, by revolving their image too often in the mind, we lose sight of what is before us, find ourselves pursuing shadows, and, as contentment in all situations is a great acquirement, so, perhaps, the first step to it is a withdrawment of the mind from objects distant and unattainable.

"We stayed at Edinburgh over a Sabbath, and had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Erskine, and Dr. Robertson the historian; the former we could not well understand, as he speaks in the very broadest Scotch dialect; Dr. Robertson is an agreeable moral preacher; delivers himself in a pleasing, unaffected manner, and in easy, elegant style, but discovers little spirituality or savour. Dr. Erskine treated us very kindly, and inquired very affectionately after you and your father, of both of whom he speaks with the highest respect. We arrived, after a long and tedious journey, at Aberdeen, in safety and health; entered the Greek class under Mr. Leslie, who, though a man of no apparent brightness of parts, is, notwithstanding, very well fitted for his office, being a good grammarian, and attentive to the improvement of his pupils. We have in the class been employed in going over more accurately the principles of the Greek language, and

* The letters published in a recent number were read, we have reason to know, with much interest. The following, for which also we are indebted to Mr. Ryland, it gives us much pleasure to be able to present to our readers.—ED.

reading a few select passages in Xenophon and Homer; and I have privately read through Xenophon's Anabasis and Memorabilia of Socrates, several books of Homer, and some of the Greek Testament, and am now reading Longinus περὶ ὕψους, which I hope to finish next week. Our situation affords few religious advantages. The students are profane and profligate, the professors formal, and the preachers dead. We attend the church in the New Town, where Messrs. Abercromby and Peters preach; these call themselves Calvinists: what for I do not know, since they make a point of concealing from the hearers the distinguishing doctrines of Calvinism. Mr. Abercromby is a remarkably dry, unaffecting preacher, and the latter, though he seems rather more evangelical and affectionate than the former, gives in to an unmeaning declamatory manner. How different from that rational and savoury spirit that lives and breathes in every page of Edwards! We have some agreeable acquaintance at the New Town; among others, one Mrs. Cruden, the sister of Mr. Cruden, author of the Concordance. I have been once to hear Dr. Campbell, who expounds once a fortnight, but I take him not to be Calvinistical.

"You wish me to give you an account of the state of my mind, in religious matters. I hope I feel an increase of zeal for the service of God, and a desire to promote it. The unexampled profligacy of many around me has not as yet, blessed be God, operated as an example, but rather as an antidote against my falling into the same courses; but still I have much reason to complain of leanness, and, owing to so long an absence from the genuine milk of the word, I begin to feel my want of food. I never before found so eager a desire to hear the pure uncorrupted Gospel. I am afraid real religion is scarcely to be met with amongst the Presbyterians, at least in any abundance. Much of the form, but little of the power, which seems to adhere to the very nature of establishments; for, as the people have no hand in the choice of the minister, they have, consequently, no sphere in which they can exert their influence; and it is surely an easy transition from an incapability of action to an indifference whether they act or no, which gradually introduces formality, lukewarmness, and hypocrisy, the counterfeit and the bane of true piety. Another obvious abuse in establishments is *patronage*, by which the appointment of the minister, and, consequently, the spiritual nourishment of souls, depends on the whim, the folly, or the caprice, perhaps, of a landed rascal, who is corrupt in his principles, and profligate in his practice, and, therefore, one would suppose, but ill qualified to direct in such an affair. Another thing which I am sorry to see abound so much in Scotland is that timid, cowardly spirit among the Calvinists, which prevents them from an open adherence to their principles, and inclines them to equivocation and concealment; as an instance of which I would just observe that I have, since I have been here, talked with ministers and others, who, though they profess to believe the doctrine of election, yet maintain that it is not proper to be preached before a congregation. And in this they are consistent: for one may safely sit for forty years under their ministry without once suspecting them of that heresy. But, my dear sir, is not this shocking? What meaneth the making known the whole counsel of God? Has it any

meaning? If it has, it surely does not countenance such practices. Their argument is, that these doctrines will be made a bad use of; but surely this is weak; nor do they consider how they inconsiderately strike at God's own Word. Is election revealed there? They think it is; then surely their objection lies equally against that, which perhaps they would be loath to acknowledge. Besides, what strange consequences is this curious hypothesis attended with! Every one who reflects must observe that the most valuable and necessary things are abused. Surely eating, drinking, and clothing are; and yet I suppose this abuse, great as it is, would hardly prevail upon these timorous Christians to forego these advantages. It ought to be considered that the most excellent and holy things may, by the perverse inclinations of mankind, be made the occasion (or the *causa sine qua non*) of much evil; but that there is a wide difference between being the occasion in this sense, and being the efficient origin or producing cause. There are certainly a set of people who awfully abuse the doctrine of Christ's atonement; and if this is a sufficient reason to induce ministers to conceal that doctrine, our preaching is vain, and our hearing is vain. Men surely could not be guilty of blaspheming, or of taking the name of God in vain, had there never been any notions entertained of the existence of such a being; and shall this be thought a sufficient reason for mankind to unite in concealing or smothering the belief of the existence of the Deity? God forbid! But enough of this stupid absurdity; you see what I would be at. *Verbum sat sapienti.* My mentioning this brings to my mind a little anecdote which I beg leave to trouble you with, and desire you would take it as a specimen of the piety, or rather impiety, of the students. One of them, a little time since, averred he knew no end God was intended for but to add 'Damn you' to it.

"We have four professors here, besides Mr. Leslie, three of whom preside over three distinct classes, and lead them up in their turns to graduate them. The fourth, Mr. Ogilvie, is what they call Professor of Humanity; that is, he gives for an hour, once a day, translations of Virgil, Horace, &c. His versions are extremely elegant indeed, but he seems to be a reserved, stiff, haughty man. The professors take it in their turns, weekly, to pray in the morning. This practice is very commendable, and may perhaps be of use in preserving some external order and decency; but it is conducted in so stiff, unaffecting a manner, that it yields little advantage to a serious mind. We stayed over a Sabbath, on our journey, at Leeds, with Mr. Langdon, formerly a fellow-student, who has been principally instrumental in raising a new interest there. He is a very worthy man, and an excellent preacher, and I hope will do much good. I wrote to my father to let me stay here during the summer; I thought I could improve myself much more here in literature than at home, as I should have less hindrances and more furtherances, and I am still of the same opinion. However, he does not comply with my request, as I had a letter from him last week, entreating me to come home, so that I intend setting off (God willing) next Monday. I hope to have an opportunity of seeing you in the vacation, and spending a few days with you at Northampton. I am overwhelmed with a sense of your goodness in proffering

me your *friendship* in so affectionate a manner; pray continue to show yourself friendly, not by flattery, which I know you abhor, but by faithfully reproving me in what *is* wrong, and instructing me in what is right. It is not well to be proud of anything, but still I am really proud of your admonitions. I am glad to think your mind has taken such a happy turn, in tempering and mixing in your theological compositions so much *experience* with so much *reason;* such a vein of savoury, plain doctrine, with so much sound philosophy, so that it may truly be said *Theologia Philosophiæ ancillatur;* this I take to be the distinguishing characteristic of Edwards, and this I think is yours. This I mention to introduce a hint, which I am afraid comes ill from one in my station of life to one in yours. Men are commonly accused of conceit, perhaps with sufficient justice; and yet perhaps there are as few know their own strength as there are who are sensible of their weakness. The owner often possesses a vein of gold, which he himself is ignorant of; now (you will excuse me, when I am so free as to tell you that) I think your genius lies for what may be called *sanctified metaphysics;* this talent, therefore, I dare say your own good sense and prudence will incline you to cultivate, and pray do not think I flatter you when I say you may bring it to the highest perfection. Perhaps the Calvinists, I mean the bulk of them, have been too negligent in cultivating their rational powers, from mistaken views of such passages as speak of the foolishness of preaching, &c. If this is to be taken literally, then I would have them send to Bedlam, or pick up all the idiots they can find throughout the land, give these a call to preach, and doubtless they will be well stocked with that qualification, the foolishness of preaching; and we shall by this means be furnished with a ministry after our own hearts! I shall have little time to stay at home, as Mr. Evans complains much of being over-worked, and craves my feeble efforts to assist him.

You ask me what important points of divinity I have been lately meditating on. My thoughts are at present too much immersed in literary exercises to admit of any long or close application of thought to anything else; however, I have been lately thinking a little on the distinction of *natural* and *moral ability*, and have in my mind an objection upon which I should be glad to have your thoughts. It is briefly this:—If, according to Edwards, the will follows the last dictate of the understanding, the will is always directed by the understanding, and if it be determined, directed, and biassed by the view of the understanding, what room is then left for any notion of moral inability, as distinct from natural; or how can there, in this case, be any depravity of the will without supposing a prior defect in the understanding; since the will, if it be wrong in its bias, is first led to that bias by the understanding, and where then the possibility of a *moral inability* consisting with a *natural ability?* This I hope to have some conversation with you upon when I have the happiness of seeing you. I have with me Edwards on the Will, and have lately perused it often, and the more I read it the more I admire; would to God it were more studied, and more understood! It is surely a masterpiece of sound reasoning, and ought to be considered by young ministers as a perfect model to imitate. Thus I think I have complied with your request, in

sending you a long letter, and I should be glad if the *quality* were more correspondent to the *quantity*. Please to present my most respectful compliments to your father; thank him for every past instance of his kindness. I wish him much happiness in his [new] connexion.

"I am, yours, &c.,

"March 25, 1782." "R. HALL.

TO THE SAME.

"BRISTOL, *June* 15th, 1786.—[ÆT. 22.]

"DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your last communication, and return you my sincere thanks for the friendship it breathes. I should be glad to explain myself more fully upon the affair of Socinians, but think it at present better dropped, that I may enter immediately upon what seems to be of more urgent consequence. I am rather surprised to hear the affair at Nailsworth has reached your parts. Yet it does not so much surprise me as it would did I not know how much it has been talked of. I am far from wishing to palliate anything I know to be amiss, and, therefore, trusting to your candour, will tell you the whole of the affair. I went to Nailsworth upon the occasion of a wedding of Mr. Beddome's son, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. The occasion naturally inspired gaiety, which I was not at much pains to restrain; but I am not conscious of anything highly improper that passed, except what I am going to relate. Miss Wilkins and I were riding out together, and having spirited horses, we rode a good pace, but not faster, as I imagined, than was agreeable to her. She was a considerable way before me, when, to my surprise, a man crossed the way and stopped her horse. I, supposing he did it wantonly to insult her in a drunken frolic, was very angry with him, and when I came up to him said, 'Hang you, you dog; why did you stop the lady's horse?' I did not hear a word the man said in reply, but when I understood by Miss Wilkins that the man stopped her by her own desire, I was extremely sorry, and took the first opportunity of sending for the man, to beg his pardon, with which he seemed to be perfectly satisfied. I understand, however, that he everywhere declared I said, 'Damn you, you dog; why did you stop the lady?'—a base and malicious slander. This was the whole of this affair, in which there was a good deal of imprudence and precipitation, but surely no aggravated matter of blame. A circumstance which gave me on reflection much more pain, was my behaviour on Sunday evening, into which, however, I can truly say I was rather hurried, than entered of my own accord. I had been preaching in a country village in the evening, and upon my return was indeed in a serious frame; but I found the young ladies laughing to a degree that almost embarrassed me, for I not even now know the occasion of it. Their light and giddy humour, however, threw me off my guard, and led me to join in frothy and frivolous conversation which, though highly improper for the Lord's day, would upon any other occasion have been perfectly innocent. I was extremely grieved at this afterwards, and said most sincerely I would rather have given £50 than have been betrayed into it. This is a true state of the case, as far as

I remember; but I know very well it has been exceedingly misrepresented. Mr. Francis himself, of Horsley, tells me he first heard of it at Oxford and Abingdon, where it was so reported that, as he observes, no one could form anything like a just idea of it; but when he inquired at home where it took place, he had quite a different view of it. I have communicated with most of my friends upon it, who, though they blame where I was blamable, yet all agree that they scarcely know an instance where there has been more misrepresentation and falsehood. I thought proper thus to tell you frankly all I know of it, and, trusting to your candour and good offices, of which I have had so many specimens, beg leave to subscribe myself your obliged friend and servant,

R. HALL, JUN."

SUNDAY MORNING.

IT is six of the clock, and a flood of sunlight is streaming over meadow and garden, as I rise betimes on this radiant summer morning. When I open my window, a stream of purest air enters my chamber, and brings with it a delicious fragrance, as of flowers offering the first-fruits of their perfume to the Creator, while in every tree birds hymn their cheerful matin song, and carol forth his matchless praise.

It is Sunday, and the holy influence of the time is upon me as I kneel beside the casement, and peruse, as if it were a page of some precious book, the fair landscape which lies before me. First, there is the garden, consisting of a single grass-plot, out of which rise ash, lilac, and laburnum trees, forming a most convenient orchestra for the feathered musicians of whose early concert I have already spoken. Then comes a road, separating the garden from a meadow in which cows lie at ease in the dewy grass, while five sturdy old elms, which may once have formed part of an irregular avenue, cast their shadows on the sward. At the top of this field is a grass-grown redoubt, long unused, whence, in former days, a block-house grimly frowned upon the surrounding country. Beyond this, northwards, lies a valley which I cannot see, but which memory pictures as adorned with an artificial watercourse and a little creek overshadowed by summer foliage, while on the slope of the opposite hill stand the scattered buildings of a new township, rich in garden-ground, and surrounded by pastures. Looking eastward of the redoubt, the eye rests on an undulating and fertile district, dotted here and there with cottages, farms, and villas, and stretching far away towards a distant moor, whose swelling hills rise blue against the sky. Westward, a river flows between banks of no common loveliness, receiving, at the farthest visible point, a tributary flood of inferior size, but almost equal beauty. In the main stream lie at anchor many noble ships, while beyond it a low range of fruitful hills shut in the view. Who can wonder if, as I look on these pleasant scenes, my heart rises in love and gratitude to him who made them all?

To the Christian whose soul is in health, and whose surroundings are calm and peaceful, there is something inexpressibly refreshing in early rising on the day of rest. All the cares and anxieties of the week have been laid on Jesus in the Saturday evening prayer, and, with a pleasure not unlike that of the child who returns to a happy home to enjoy rest and relaxation after a hard working-time at school, he prepares for a long day of undisturbed communion with his

Father. How many thousands, even at this early hour, are thus bending the knee in prayer!

Let us try to realize a few of these hallowed scenes.

In the heart of London, surrounded by the great warehouses and shops which on this day are, happily, destined to remain unopened, a poor man, rich in faith, sits beside an attic window. It was somewhat late last night when he closed his master's shop; but, for all that, he is awake betimes this morning. Through this narrow casement, looking eastward over roofs and chimneys, he can see the very sun that shines on the orchards and cornfields of his childhood's home, where once on a time—ah, how long ago it seems!—he played merrily with a group of sisters, of whom only one survives. Streaming into his little room, the pure light falls upon a few flowers, chiefly roses, bought in yesterday's market, and upon an open Bible; so that the praise of God is doubly heard,—Nature and Revelation alike proclaiming that he is good. All is calm; and as the church clock strikes the quarter, its boom sounds through the quiet air like a voice from a nobler world, bidding man remember that his days of probation are passing by, and will soon be gone for ever. How delightful, after a whole week of clang and bustle, is the extreme quiet of this Sunday morning rest! With what pleasure the simple heart anticipates the early breakfast, the domestic worship, the loved walk to the house of God, the refreshing service of the sanctuary, the frugal, but always welcome, noonday meal, the afternoon exercises, in which some work of Christian love is accomplished, the cheerful tea-time, the evening prayers and praises, the walk after service, and the happy hour between supper and bed-time. Despise it who will, this man values a day of rest, and, heard by angels,—and by One who is above the angels,—his song rises, week after week, through the Sunday morning air, ascribing praise, and honour, and glory unto him at whose high behest this priceless boon has been conferred upon a sinful race.

I have described at some length this little picture of a poor man's Sunday morning in the city, chiefly because I desired to show how, even in the absence of those surroundings which are commonly regarded as indispensable to happiness, the child of God may enjoy sweet rest and peace. My next scene will be like, and yet unlike, its predecessor. Like, because you will mark the same faith, and hope, and love, reflecting God's own sunshine in the soul; and unlike, because the outward appearance tells of a cultivation and refinement to which the humble artisan is a stranger. We are still in London; but this time the sun shines into a large and well-furnished chamber, in which, on a bed hung with silken curtains, a pale invalid lightly sleeps. The clock strikes, and the slumber is broken; but no look of discontent or impatience clouds the brow of the sufferer, as she draws back her curtain, and gazes long and earnestly upon the sky. It is Sunday; and through nearly half-a-score of years she has been wont to look on Sunday as the best of all the seven. It is one of her notions—and no one in all that household is allowed to contradict her—that the sun shines more brightly on the first day of the week, as also that the birds sing more sweetly then than at other times. Soon, therefore, she directs that her chamber-window shall be opened, to admit the fresh breeze and the odour of mignonette from the garden which lies below. Not a sound, save the twittering of the sparrows, interrupts the holy stillness of the hour, and the sufferer, once more alone, clasps her hands in sacred joy, as she exclaims, with Herbert:—

"O day most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
Th' endorsement of supreme delight
Writ by a Friend, and with his blood.
The couch of time, care's balm and bay,
The week were dark, but for thy light,—
Thy torch doth show the way.

"This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for his,
That, as each beast its manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound."

Take another picture,—it is that of a Sunday morning at sea. In the centre of a round world of waters a ship lies becalmed in the light of the morning sun. After a heavy gale, a brief interval of stillness and repose has come, and the majority of the passengers are asleep. Not so, however, yonder little group of Christian men and women, who have left home and friends for the sake of the Gospel of Christ. Gathered together upon the deck, they give thanks to the God of heaven for their recent deliverance from the dangers of the deep, and entreat for such winds as shall waft them speedily to their desired haven. There is no hour of the day in which they can so quietly meet to praise and worship; none in which they feel more truly that they are in the hands of their heavenly Father, and that he is their protector and guide—not alone over the broad oceans of this world, but over that wider sea of life on which so many thousands have suffered shipwreck. "With Christ in the vessel, they smile at the storm;" without him,—let men say what they will,—every soul should tremble. Hark! they are singing that world-known hymn: "Jesus, refuge of my soul;" in which, while the difficulties of our mortal life are so faithfully described as raging billows, tempest, storm, the eye of faith is directed evermore to Christ the Refuge, Christ the Hiding-place, Christ the Guide of the soul. After the hymn comes a portion of the 107th Psalm: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" This is followed by renewed prayer and thanksgiving; in the midst of which a favourable breeze springs up to swell their sails, and the stately ship begins to plough the waves again. "So he bringeth them to their desired haven."

Turning landwards again, we take our stand beneath the large old sycamore which has for many years watched over the interests of the H—— farm, threatening, indeed, to fall upon its roof, if some precaution be not taken against such a calamity. From the house comes a thoughtful maiden, city-bred, her church-going silk daintily held by her left hand, leaving her right free for opening gates and grasping fences. On, for some hundreds of yards, to a cornfield gate; then a little climbing to an elevated position; then—the view! What a treat it is to look over that hedge, and to see, stretching away for miles, hills and vales clothed in summer's richest green, woods and orchards, wheat and barley, oats and rye, hazel-copse and neat plantation; over all, the summer sun; and round about, the scented breeze! The city-maiden stands like one entranced. Was not Eden like this? she inquires within herself, as, from the farm-house garden, flowers send forth their sweets, and bees their soothing hum. She would gladly remain for hours in such a spot with just such feelings, just such consciousness of God, just such prayer rising, wordless, but sublime, from

the depths of her young spirit. But it cannot be. Very soon the dream is over, and the ecstasy of that early hour becomes neither more nor less than a holy recollection, to be embalmed for all time—and, perchance, for all eternity—in the sarcophagus of her memory. Sunday mornings like this stand out from the rest, and claim pre-eminence; for, "like angels' visits," they are "few and far between." Doubtless, were we more ready to place ourselves within the range of their noble influence, they were less rare, and we more holy; but, according to present usage, not one Christian man or woman in five hundred ever goes abroad into the fields in the early calm of the Sunday morning to inquire what the Lord, in his temple of Nature, will condescend to speak to the human soul. Is it wise thus to shut our ears to the still small voice whose every utterance is pure and good!

Once more, take a picture of Sunday morning in the cottage of a Christian fisherman. Gloriously rising from the eastern sea, the orb of day has aroused from toil-brought slumber the hardy sons of poverty and labour. There is no clock in the house, but they all know the time for rising, and are prompt to leave their beds and fling wide the lattice window, looking out upon the sparkling sea. What a waft of fresh air rushes in upon them all! what profound calm hovers over the face of the mighty deep! Not a sail is in sight, not a living creature—save, perchance, a gull or two—can be discerned on sea or shore. "Peace I give unto you," seems to be written—not alone in the Bible, out of which the father reads the fourteenth of John as a morning portion, but on heaving billow and fantastic rock-piece, on the near fisher-boats drawn high up on the beach, and on the far horizon, blending hazily with the morning sky. As they kneel in prayer, even the youngest of that sunburnt group is conscious of the presence of a restful spirit, not enjoyed on other days; and while "father" goes to the early prayer-meeting, and the elder children help their mother to get the breakfast, all the little ones group together at the door, learning hymns for the Sunday school, or talking quietly about their plans for this happy day. In the meantime, in the little chapel on the cliff, the father and a little band of fellow-labourers unite in prayer. Of broken sentences, inaccurate expressions, broad provincialisms, nay, even blunders, enough and to spare; but of faith, hope, and charity, thank God! a much larger supply than is commonly found in a more fashionable assembly. Happy are they who weigh such meetings in the balances of heaven, rather than in the unequal balances of "society."

In presenting the foregoing sketches to the reader, I have aimed at something more than his amusement; in other words, there is a moral to my tale, and that moral is neither more nor less than an exhortation to early rising on the first day of the week. Whether we live in the city or in the country, on the land or on the sea, in the fisherman's hut or in the London warehouse, it will be for our profit to rise early on Sunday morning. Rich and poor, high and low, gentle and simple, educated and uneducated, are alike interested in this subject; for, unhappily, it is too much the custom, even with those who rise early at other seasons, to rob God and the soul by undue slumber on the day of rest. Grudging to take an hour from their pleasure or business, some men—even amongst professing Christians—deliberately sleep off the fatigues of a whole week on the Sunday, and thus wilfully shorten that Sabbath which was "made for man," in order that he might have full time for communion with his God. Even amongst those who most highly value it, Sunday is seldom regarded as a day to be begun earlier, if possible, than any other. Is it not high time—in more senses than one—"to awake out of sleep," and—seeing what a glorious inheritance of pleasure and profit lies before us in the Sunday mornings yet to come,—at once, by the good help of God, and beneath his banner, enter into this land of promise, and take possession!

Christian Cabinet.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"The Lord is my shepherd." The figure which David here uses to designate his trust in the watchful care of his God is one which would come with peculiar power and tenderness to his heart, having in his early youth been himself a shepherd. It was while he kept his father's sheep that the message came for him to appear before Samuel the prophet, to be anointed king over Israel. He would doubtless remember the days of quiet happiness he enjoyed, before the cares of an empire rested upon his mind, when, going before his loved flock, he led them to some lovely vale where they might find the richest pasture; or to some bright, cool stream where they might quench their thirst. He would remember the day when he sat upon some grassy knoll, watching his flock, when a lion came and took a lamb out of their midst, when he promptly followed the destroyer, slew him, and, taking the lamb from the jaws of death, carried it back to its mother. As he cared for that little one, and put himself between danger and it, so he felt himself under the protecting care of the heavenly Shepherd.

The occupation of a shepherd has been greatly honoured. It was a shepherd who won the first martyr's crown, and who was the first human being that entered heaven from earth. "Abel was a keeper of sheep." Moses, the great leader of Israel, the man who was honoured to talk with God face to face—who stood amid the thunders of Sinai unhurt, spent a large portion of his life in the employment of a shepherd; and there, in retirement, far from the distraction and bustle of the busy world, he was prepared for his future great work, by communion with God. It was while keeping the flocks of Jethro, his father-in-law, that God appeared to him in the burning bush, and gave him his high commission. And it was to shepherds who watched their flocks by night, that the herald-angel first announced the most glorious, most thrilling news ever spoken to men. "Unto you is born a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

But, however many good shepherds there may have been in the world, there is One that rises infinitely above them all. It was predicted of him, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." And he says of himself, "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." I heard a father say to his son as he parted with him at the train, "Take care of yourself." That son was going amid the rude alarms of war, amid the hazards and the carnage of the battle-field, where the roar of artillery shakes the ground and curtains the heavens in gloom; where shot and shell plough up the earth, and gather around the fragments of humanity; and where the silence of the long night is broken by the groans of the dying, or the shriek of the wounded, frantic in their agony; and yet, all that the father had to say to him at parting was, "Take care of yourself." Alas! I thought, they are well kept whom God keeps; but woe to the man who has no better keeper than himself! Had that dear youth been asked to put himself under the care of the Good Shepherd, the counsel would have been founded on the highest wisdom.

No man can say "The Lord is my shepherd," until he has first been reconciled to God, through the blood of Jesus. We cannot feel sweet comfort from the truth, till we have first believed the truth; and we cannot rejoice in the Shepherd's care, till we give over our wanderings, and come to him. "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." But we must abandon our own way, and be willing to be saved in the way of divine appointment. Our Lord says, "I am the good shepherd; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." He must be saved first, before he can find pasture. It cannot be too often nor too earnestly enforced that we must first have Gospel faith, before we can have Gospel experiences; that we must first trust in

the saving efficacy of Christ's blood, before we can rejoice in God's love; and that we must first trust in God's grace, before we can have any honest trust in his holy providence. The experience of God's people is set forth in the words, "Ye were as sheep going astray; but have now returned unto the shepherd and bishop of your souls."

There are very distinct marks by which those who have placed themselves under the care of the great Shepherd are known. Jesus tells us what these marks are. "And when he putteth forth his own sheep he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice." Here we learn that the great Shepherd does not *drive* his people, but *draws* them to him so that they follow him. We often see men drive a flock of sheep before them, and with shouts and the barking of dogs excite their fears, and compel them to go forward. But this was not the Eastern custom. A modern traveller in Palestine tells us that near Jerusalem he saw a shepherd going before his flock, calling them, and that they followed him wherever he went. The people of God are not driven by fear of hell, and terror of a coming judgment, to take the course they do; they are drawn by the sweet attractions of the Saviour's loving voice to follow him whithersoever he goeth. Sometimes their faith is greatly put to the test by the ways that he leads them, but as long as they can hear his voice, they are sure that it is all right. As an old coloured woman said of a great affliction that was coming upon her, "Lord, if it be of thee, send it along." She was not afraid of anything that came from the hand of the Good Shepherd, whom she knew loved her so well. The eminently pious John Dod said: "Afflictions are God's portions, which we may sweeten by faith and fervent prayer; but we, for the most part, make them bitter, putting into God's cup the evil ingredients of our impatience and unbelief."

But the people of God are under the care of their Shepherd's providence as well as of his grace. It would be but a poor thing if we could trust him with our souls but not with our bodies, with our supplies for eternity but not for time. From the very nature of God his providence must be a *particular* providence—extending to the minute as well as the great, to the case of the babe as well as the angel, to the affairs of the most obscure family as well as those of the vastest empire. As might be expected in the proceedings of an infinitely wise Being, we often fail to see his plans and learn his purposes; often his ways are mysterious and perplexing. "Clouds and darkness are round about him;" but it is ours to trust in his goodness, and to adore his absolute sovereignty. We should not only submit to his holy dispensations, but rejoice that we are under the care of one who knows how best to dispose of us and ours. A higher sentiment than that of mere resignation becomes those who know that God reigneth. We should rejoice to be in his hand—to be just where he would have us, and surrounded with the circumstances which his wisdom and love have created as upon the whole best for us. In short, let us sing with the vast host of the good in all ages, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

WAITING ON THE LORD.

"They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint." This passage from Isaiah rings like the blast of an Alpine horn. The phrase "to wait on God" implies a great deal more than mere patient passivity. There is a world of *verve* in the Hebrew original. It primarily signifies to be strong—strong enough to endure. The word expresses endurability, that quality of heart which is typified by a stout piece of oak which never bends or breaks under tremendous pressure. Thence the word came to signify *patience*, as the opposite of despondency and fretfulness. In the text from Isaiah the phrase denotes a permanent *habit of mind*—a devout habit that loves to pray—a patient habit that submits to God's discipline—an obedient habit that ever says, "Speak, Lord! thy servant heareth,"—a submissive habit that is ready to receive just what God sends, and to bear just what burdens of duty God may lay upon it.

When I see a child on its mother's knee, with open mouth receiving such food as the mother chooses to give, I

see a type of this grace; for the soul that waits on God is nourished by his living bread. When one of my baby-boys stretches out his arms for me to carry him on a walk, I see a type of this grace; for the soul that waits on God is carried by him over life's dark and dangerous places. When I see a docile pupil listening to her teacher's voice, I behold a type of the humble docility that sits down in God's school to be taught the hardest lessons of adversity, and the most precious revelations of divine love.

This grace hangs as heavily laden with promises as a Hamburg vine with its generous clusters. In the first place, waiting on the Lord gives *strength*. Those who were spiritually weak grow strong; those who had some degree of strength grow stronger. When I go every summer to Saratoga—languid, weak, and unstrung—I take my place by one of its tonic springs, and "wait" upon the bubbling waters until I find a new life creeping out through my ten fingers, until exertion becomes a perfect joy, and until I can mount a pulpit as a lark rises singing to its tree-top. All this vitality ran into me from that wonderful spring. Just such a well-spring to the soul is our heavenly Lord. He restores, he heals, he girds our weak will as with iron, he unstops our mouth to speak as with tongue of fire; nay, we "can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us." Here is the secret of the power of such spiritual giants as Elijah, Daniel, and Paul—of Luther, Knox, Bunyan, and Lyman Beecher. If we inquire where they got such emphasis of action, and such victory over the devil, we shall find that their power all lay in their constant waiting on the Lord. They were eminently men of prayer. They walked very close with God. They lived in the omnipotent element of his grace. They possessed the *gift of the knees*, and through a fervent wrestling in prayer, they drew down into their own souls the plenitude of strength which gave them the mastery. "I have so much to do," said Luther, "that I cannot get on with less than three hours a day in praying." *Bene orasse est bene studuisse* was his favourite motto; it bespeaks a constant waiting on the Lord.

But not only does the man who waits on God renew his strength, he also gets INSPIRATION. He shall "mount up with wings as an eagle." Naturalists tell us that the special power of an eagle is in his wings. He can fly in the very teeth of a gale, and after playing the cyronaut for many long hours, he wheels down from the clouds, unwearied, to his mountain nest. His "conversation is in the heavens." Bats haunt the caverns, wrens flit among garden-shrubs, and owls hoot from midnight forests; but eagles are children of the skies, and playmates of the storm. So God means that every soul which waits on him should soar. Not creep—not burrow in the muck and mire of worldliness; not crouch in abject submission as the slave of men or Satan—but *soar*. When a soul binds itself to God, and lives a life of holy consecration, it is enabled to take wing and dwell in the atmosphere of heaven. He catches inspiration. He rises to the best thoughts, gains a wide outlook, and reaches to a companionship with the spirits of the glorified. He *outflies* the petty vexations and low grovelling desires that drag earthly souls down into the mire. His soul-life is hid with Christ in God. What to him are the fear of man, the greed for rusting lucre, the hunger for applause, the fear of poverty, or the dread of death itself? Why should he chafe and fret his spirit with the petty worries and anxieties of the worldling? What cares the eagle, as he bathes his wing in the translucent gold of the upper sky, for all the turmoil, the racket, the clouds, or the lightnings that play far beneath him? He flies in company with the sun! So a heaven-bound soul flies in company with God!

You may do this, my brother, if you will but wait on God; if you will but knit your inner life to Jesus. You will be amazed at the power of such a religion to lift you up, to carry you clear of low, base, sensual desires; to inspire sweet, pure, holy meditations; to enkindle joy in the darkest seasons of affliction, and to keep you serene and shining as the stars. Try it. Try more prayer. Try more to live with God. Set your affections on things above, and fasten your heart-treasures in heaven. So shall waiting on the Lord renew your strength. You will mount up with wings as eagles; you shall run, and not grow weary; you shall walk, and not faint.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

MRS. ALEXANDER EXACT.

A WORD TO WOMEN.

"AND what are you going to preach about this month, Mr. Crowfield?"

"I am going to give a sermon on *Intolerance*, Mrs. Crowfield."

"Religious intolerance?"

"No; domestic and family and educational intolerance—one of the seven deadly sins on which I am preaching—one of the 'foxes.'"

. . . . .

Mrs. Alexander Exact, seated at her domestic altar, gives homilies on the degeneracy of modern housekeeping equal to the lamentations of Dr. Holdfast as to the falling off from the good old faith.

"Don't tell me about pillow-cases made without felling," says Mrs. Alexander; "its slovenly and shiftless. I wouldn't have such a pillow-case in my house any more than I'd have vermin."

"But," says a trembling young housekeeper, conscious of unfelled pillow-cases at home, "don't you think, Mrs. Alexander, that some of these old traditions might be dispensed with? It really is not necessary to do all the work that has been done so thoroughly and exactly—to double-stitch every wristband, fell every seam, count all the threads of gathers, and take a stitch to every gather. It makes beautiful sewing, to be sure; but when a woman has a family of little children, and a small income, if all her sewing is to be kept up in this perfect style, she wears her life out in stitching. Had she not better slight a little, and get air and exercise?"

"Don't tell me about air and exercise! What did my grandmother do? Why, she did all her own work, and made grandfather's ruffled shirts besides, with the finest stitching and gathers; and she found exercise enough, I warrant you. Women of this day are miserable, sickly, degenerate creatures."

"But, my dear madam, look at poor Mrs. Evans, over the way, with her pale face and her eight little ones."

"Miserable manager!" said Mrs. Alexander. "If she'd get up at five o'clock the year round, as I do, she'd find time enough to do things properly, and be the better fit for it."

"But, my dear madam, Mrs. Evans is a very delicately organized, nervous woman."

"Nervous! Don't tell me! Every woman nowadays is nervous. She can't get up in the morning, because she's nervous. She can't do her sewing decently, because she's nervous. Why, I might have been as nervous as she is, if I'd have petted and coddled myself as she does. But I get up early, take a walk in the fresh air of a mile or so before breakfast, and come home feeling the better for it. I do all my own sewing—never put out a stitch; and I flatter myself my things are made as they ought to be. I always make my boys' shirts and Mr. Exact's, and they are made as shirts ought to be; and yet I find plenty of time for calling, shopping, business, and company. It only requires management and resolution."

"It is perfectly wonderful, to be sure, Mrs. Exact, to see all that you do; but don't you get very tired sometimes?"

"No, not often. I remember, though, the week before last Christmas, I made and baked eighteen pies and ten loaves of cake in one day, and I was really quite worn out; but I didn't give way to it. I told Mr. Exact I thought it would rest me to take a drive into New York and attend the Sanitary Fair, and so we did. I suppose Mrs. Evans would have thought she must go to bed and coddle herself for a month."

"But, dear Mrs. Exact, when a woman is kept awake nights by crying babies—"

"There's no need of having crying babies; my babies never cried; it's just as you begin with children. I might have had to be up and down every hour of the night with mine, just as Mrs. Evans does; but I know better. I used to take 'em up about ten o'clock, and feed and make 'em all comfortable; and that was the last of 'em, till I was ready to get up in the morning. I never lost a night's sleep with any of mine."

"Not when they were teething?"

"No! I knew how to manage that.

I used to lance their gums myself, and I never had any trouble; it's all in management. I weaned 'em all myself, too: there's no use in having any fuss in weaning children."

"Mrs. Exact, you are a wonderful manager; but it would be impossible to bring up all babies so."

"You'll never make me believe that: people only need to begin right, I'm sure. I've had a trial of eight."

"But there's that one baby of Mrs. Evans's makes more trouble than all your eight. It cries every night so that somebody has to be up walking with it; it wears out all the nurses, and keeps poor Mrs. Evans sick all the time."

"Not the least need of it; nothing but shiftless management. Suppose I had allowed my children to be walked with; I might have had terrible times, too; but I began right. I set down my foot that they should lie still, and they did; and if they cried, I never lighted a candle, or took 'em up, or took any kind of notice of it; and so, after a while, they went off to sleep. Babies very soon find out where they can take advantage, and where they can't. It's nothing but temper makes babies cry; and if I couldn't hush 'em any other way, I should give 'em a few good smart slaps, and they would soon learn to behave themselves."

"But, dear Mrs. Exact, you were a strong, healthy woman, and had strong, healthy children."

"Well, isn't that baby of Mrs. Evans's healthy, I want to know? I'm sure it is a great creature, and thrives and grows fat as fast as ever I saw a child. You needn't tell me anything is the matter with that child but temper, and its mother's coddling management."

Now, in the neighbourhood where she lives, Mrs. Alexander Exact is the wonderful woman, the Lady Bountiful, the pattern female. Her cake never rises on one side, or has a heavy streak in it. Her furs never get a moth in them; her carpets never fade; her sweetmeats never ferment; her servants never neglect their work; her children never get things out of order; her babies never cry, never keep one awake o'nights; her husband never in his life said, "My dear, there's a button off my shirt." Flies never infest her kitchen, cockroaches and red ants never invade her premises, a spider never had time to spin a web on one of her walls. Everything in her establishment is shining with neatness, crisp, and bristling with absolute perfection—and it is she, the ever-up-and-dressed, unsleeping, wide-awake, omnipresent, never-tiring Mrs. Exact, that does it all.

Besides keeping her household ways thus immaculate, Mrs. Exact is on all sorts of charitable committees, does all sorts of fancy-work for fairs; and whatever she does is done perfectly. She is a most available, most helpful, most benevolent woman, and general society has reason to rejoice in her existence.

But, for all this, Mrs. Exact is as intolerant as Torquemada or a locomotive-engine. She has her own track, straight and inevitable; her judgments and opinions cut through society in right lines, with all the force of her example, and all the steam of her energy, turning out neither for the old nor the young, the weak nor the weary. She cannot, and she will not, conceive the possibility that there may be other sorts of natures than her own, and that other kinds of natures must have other ways of living and doing.

Good and useful as she is, she is terrible as an army with banners to her poor, harassed, delicate, struggling neighbour across the way, who, in addition to an aching, confused head, an aching back, sleepless, harassed nights, and weary, sinking days, is burdened everywhere and every hour with the thought that Mrs. Exact thinks all her troubles are nothing but poor management, and that she might do just like her, if she would. With very little self-confidence or self-assertion, she is withered and paralyzed by this discouraging thought. *Is* it, then, her fault that this never-sleeping baby cries all night, and that all her children never could and never would be brought up by those exact rules which she hears of as so efficacious in the household over the way? The thought of Mrs. Alexander Exact stands over her like a constable; the remembrance of her is grievous; the burden of her opinion is heavier to bear than are all her other burdens.

Now the fact is, that Mrs. Exact comes of a long-lived, strong-backed, strong-stomached race, with "limbs of British oak and nerves of wire." The

shadow of a sensation of nervous pain or uneasiness never has been known in her family for generations, and her judgments of poor little Mrs. Evans are about as intelligent as those of a good stout Shanghai hen on a humming-bird. Most useful and comfortable, these Shanghai hens—and very ornamental, and in a small way useful, these humming-birds; but let them not regulate each other's diet, or lay down schemes for each other's housekeeping. Has not one as much right to its nature as the other?—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

THE SABBATH OF MISGIVING.

A few years ago, as I was anxiously preparing, in a season of revival among the people of my charge, for the services of the Sabbath, I was suddenly startled by a loud knock at my door. It was evening, and the Sabbath being at hand, I rose, with not a little wonder what the unusual occurrence might mean, and opened the door. There, to my surprise, stood a stranger, who announced that he had come from T——, several miles distant, in order to inform me that I was expected, in the absence of the pastor, to supply the pulpit in that place on the approaching Sabbath. "I cannot do it," was my quick reply; "my duty is here. I am responsible for the supply of my own pulpit, and it is now too late to procure a supply from abroad, even if there were no other obstacle." "But you must go, sir," calmly said the stranger; "it is all arranged. You will be supplied, and you must go." "I fear to go," I replied, "and leave my people so abruptly, when there are so many inquiring and anxious ones among them who expect me to be at home." "I believe, sir," rejoined the stranger, "that God calls you to go, and will take care of his own work among your people while you are gone."

There was an air of almost imperious seriousness in the whole appearance and manner of the messenger that strangely impressed me; and though I now feared to say no, it was only with great reluctance that I yielded, and finally said yes. With many, many misgivings, I did at length say this, and go.

On awaking on the morning of the Sabbath, I found the very elements to be in sympathy with my feelings. One of the most violent storms of the season had commenced. During the entire day the rain fell in torrents, and the streets were flooded. It was exceedingly dark, and everything seemed tinged with gloom.

The audience, gathered in a large house, was very thin, only here and there one, making in all scarcely as many scores as there were usually hundreds. Without any superstitious feeling on the subject, I could hardly repress the thought that I was not where I should be. Yet, as I was there, I determined that, so far as I could, I would discharge my duty to the few hearers I had. There had been no recent religious interest in the place, yet I soon noticed a very still and marked attention, and here and there a tearful eye. This gave my misgiving heart more courage. I hardly dared, however, even then to believe, as the day and labour closed, that any real good had been done to a single soul. What, then, was my surprise on receiving a letter from that place, two or three weeks subsequently, to learn a revival had commenced there, and that eight persons had already expressed hope in Christ, all of whom dated the beginning of their interest on that dark and stormy Sabbath, while seated in that almost deserted sanctuary! The gratitude and joy of my heart at this intelligence were not a little heightened by the knowledge, in addition, that the revival among my own people, instead of suffering any abatement, was progressing with increasing power.

It is due to the grace of God that it be said, distinctly and emphatically, that this unexpected result of that Sabbath's labours was not produced by any wisdom of words or peculiar power on

I used to lance their gums myself, and I never had any trouble; it's all in management. I weaned 'em all myself, too: there's no use in having any fuss in weaning children."

"Mrs. Exact, you are a wonderful manager; but it would be impossible to bring up all babies so."

"You'll never make me believe that: people only need to begin right, I'm sure. I've had a trial of eight."

"But there's that one baby of Mrs. Evans's makes more trouble than all your eight. It cries every night so that somebody has to be up walking with it; it wears out all the nurses, and keeps poor Mrs. Evans sick all the time."

"Not the least need of it; nothing but shiftless management. Suppose I had allowed my children to be walked with; I might have had terrible times, too; but I began right. I set down my foot that they should lie still, and they did; and if they cried, I never lighted a candle, or took 'em up, or took any kind of notice of it; and so, after a while, they went off to sleep. Babies very soon find out where they can take advantage, and where they can't. It's nothing but temper makes babies cry; and if I couldn't hush 'em any other way, I should give 'em a few good smart slaps, and they would soon learn to behave themselves."

"But, dear Mrs. Exact, you were a strong, healthy woman, and had strong, healthy children."

"Well, isn't that baby of Mrs. Evans's healthy, I want to know? I'm sure it is a great creature, and thrives and grows fat as fast as ever I saw a child. You needn't tell me anything is the matter with that child but temper, and its mother's coddling management."

Now, in the neighbourhood where she lives, Mrs. Alexander Exact is the wonderful woman, the Lady Bountiful, the pattern female. Her cake never rises on one side, or has a heavy streak in it. Her furs never get a moth in them; her carpets never fade; her sweetmeats never ferment; her servants never neglect their work; her children never get things out of order; her babies never cry, never keep one awake o'nights; her husband never in his life said, "My dear, there's a button off my shirt." Flies never infest her kitchen, cockroaches and red ants never invade her premises, a spider never had time to spin a web on one of her walls. Everything in her establishment is shining with neatness, crisp, and bristling with absolute perfection—and it is she, the ever-up-and-dressed, unsleeping, wide-awake, omnipresent, never-tiring Mrs. Exact, that does it all.

Besides keeping her household ways thus immaculate, Mrs. Exact is on all sorts of charitable committees, does all sorts of fancy-work for fairs; and whatever she does is done perfectly. She is a most available, most helpful, most benevolent woman, and general society has reason to rejoice in her existence.

But, for all this, Mrs. Exact is as intolerant as Torquemada or a locomotive-engine. She has her own track, straight and inevitable; her judgments and opinions cut through society in right lines, with all the force of her example, and all the steam of her energy, turning out neither for the old nor the young, the weak nor the weary. She cannot, and she will not, conceive the possibility that there may be other sorts of natures than her own, and that other kinds of natures must have other ways of living and doing.

Good and useful as she is, she is terrible as an army with banners to her poor, harassed, delicate, struggling neighbour across the way, who, in addition to an aching, confused head, an aching back, sleepless, harassed nights, and weary, sinking days, is burdened everywhere and every hour with the thought that Mrs. Exact thinks all her troubles are nothing but poor management, and that she might do just like her, if she would. With very little self-confidence or self-assertion, she is withered and paralyzed by this discouraging thought. *Is* it, then, her fault that this never-sleeping baby cries all night, and that all her children never could and never would be brought up by those exact rules which she hears of as so efficacious in the household over the way? The thought of Mrs. Alexander Exact stands over her like a constable; the remembrance of her is grievous; the burden of her opinion is heavier to bear than are all her other burdens.

Now the fact is, that Mrs. Exact comes of a long-lived, strong-backed, strong-stomached race, with "limbs of British oak and nerves of wire." The

shadow of a sensation of nervous pain or uneasiness never has been known in her family for generations, and her judgments of poor little Mrs. Evans are about as intelligent as those of a good stout Shanghai hen on a humming-bird. Most useful and comfortable, these Shanghai hens—and very ornamental, and in a small way useful, these humming-birds; but let them not regulate each other's diet, or lay down schemes for each other's housekeeping. Has not one as much right to its nature as the other?—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

THE SABBATH OF MISGIVING.

A few years ago, as I was anxiously preparing, in a season of revival among the people of my charge, for the services of the Sabbath, I was suddenly startled by a loud knock at my door. It was evening, and the Sabbath being at hand, I rose, with not a little wonder what the unusual occurrence might mean, and opened the door. There, to my surprise, stood a stranger, who announced that he had come from T——, several miles distant, in order to inform me that I was expected, in the absence of the pastor, to supply the pulpit in that place on the approaching Sabbath. "I cannot do it," was my quick reply; "my duty is here. I am responsible for the supply of my own pulpit, and it is now too late to procure a supply from abroad, even if there were no other obstacle." "But you must go, sir," calmly said the stranger; "it is all arranged. You will be supplied, and you must go." "I fear to go," I replied, "and leave my people so abruptly, when there are so many inquiring and anxious ones among them who expect me to be at home." "I believe, sir," rejoined the stranger, "that God calls you to go, and will take care of his own work among your people while you are gone."

There was an air of almost imperious seriousness in the whole appearance and manner of the messenger that strangely impressed me; and though I now feared to say no, it was only with great reluctance that I yielded, and finally said yes. With many, many misgivings, I did at length say this, and go.

On awaking on the morning of the Sabbath, I found the very elements to be in sympathy with my feelings. One of the most violent storms of the season had commenced. During the entire day the rain fell in torrents, and the streets were flooded. It was exceedingly dark, and everything seemed tinged with gloom.

The audience, gathered in a large house, was very thin, only here and there one, making in all scarcely as many scores as there were usually hundreds. Without any superstitious feeling on the subject, I could hardly repress the thought that I was not where I should be. Yet, as I was there, I determined that, so far as I could, I would discharge my duty to the few hearers I had. There had been no recent religious interest in the place, yet I soon noticed a very still and marked attention, and here and there a tearful eye. This gave my misgiving heart more courage. I hardly dared, however, even then to believe, as the day and labour closed, that any real good had been done to a single soul. What, then, was my surprise on receiving a letter from that place, two or three weeks subsequently, to learn a revival had commenced there, and that eight persons had already expressed hope in Christ, all of whom dated the beginning of their interest on that dark and stormy Sabbath, while seated in that almost deserted sanctuary! The gratitude and joy of my heart at this intelligence were not a little heightened by the knowledge, in addition, that the revival among my own people, instead of suffering any abatement, was progressing with increasing power.

It is due to the grace of God that it be said, distinctly and emphatically, that this unexpected result of that Sabbath's labours was not produced by any wisdom of words or peculiar power on

the part of the doubting minister of Christ. The sermon that was particularly blessed on that day, was by far the less elaborate of the two, and, to human view, far less likely to leave the profound and lasting impression. The result was clearly and wholly due to the simple power of the Holy Ghost, who designed thus to use a human instrument just at the time when his own sense of weakness, inefficiency, and unworthiness, was necessarily more than usually clear. He found, too, that he had unconsciously regarded his own presence and agency at home as essential to the progress of God's work there. In this, also, he was taught a salutary lesson. And the Sabbath of darkness and misgiving fixed more deeply than ever upon his heart those familiar words, which experience alone makes clear and precious: "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known." "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

GRINDING THE DIAMOND.

The poor sufferer lay in severe pain on her bed. It had been nearly twenty years since she knew a well day—more than half that time since she had walked a step, and nearly two years since she had sat up. Her limbs were jerked by spasms, her back had deep sores on it from lying so long; and, whenever one was relieved by a new position of the body, another would be made. She never complained; and the cheerfulness with which she endured all this from day to day, and from year to year, was a matter of amazement to all. Her friends, who saw the Bible always lying near her, knew well from what springs she drew water. They all said it was one of the darkest providences they ever witnessed.

One night, as the sufferer lay sleepless from terrible pain, she began to look back upon the past. What a wreck life seemed, dating from her bright school-days! What a mystery that she must be so helpless and such a sufferer, while her school companions could walk, and move, and act, and enjoy life! What was the object of her heavenly Father in putting her into this slow, hot, long-continued furnace! As she lay there thus communing with herself, the room seemed suddenly to fill with light, and a beautiful form seemed to bend over her. His face was calm and gentle, but full of pity. She was not at all frightened, nor deemed it strange that he was there, though she was aware that she never saw him before.

"Daughter of sorrow," said he, in a voice soft as the zephyr that just rocks the rose on its stem, "art thou impatient?"

"No; but I am full of pain and disease, and I have so long been a sufferer that I see no end to it, nor can I see why I must suffer thus. I know that I am a sinner; but I have hoped that Christ's sufferings, and not mine, would save me. O why does God deal thus with me?"

"Come with me, daughter, and I will show thee."

"But I cannot walk."

"True, true! There, gently, gently!"

He tenderly took her up in his arms, and carried her away, far away, over land and water, till he set her down in a far-off city, and in the midst of a large workshop: the room was full of windows; and the workmen seemed to be near the light, and each with his own tools, and all so intent upon their work that they neither noticed the newcomers nor spoke to one another. They seemed to have small brown pebbles, which they were grinding, and shading, and polishing. Her guide pointed her to one who seemed to be most earnestly at work. He held a half-polished pebble, which was now seen to be a diamond, in a pair of strong iron pincers. He seemed to grasp the little thing as if he would crush it, and to hold it on the rough stone without mercy. The stone whirled, and the dust flew, and the jewel grew smaller and lighter. Ever and anon he would stop, hold it up to the light, and examine it carefully.

"Workman," said the sufferer, "will you please to tell me why you bear on, and grind the jewel so hard?"

"I want to grind off every flaw and crack in it."

"But don't you waste it?"

"Yes; but what is left is worth so much the more. The fact is, this diamond, if it will bear the wheel enough, is to occupy a very important place in

the crown which we are making up for our king. We take much more pains with such. We have to grind and polish them a great while; but when they are done they are very beautiful. The king was here yesterday, and was much pleased with our work, but ordered that this jewel in particular should be ground and polished a great deal. So you see how hard I hold it down on this stone. And see! there is not a crack or flaw in it! What a beauty it will be!"

Gently, gently the guide lifted up the poor sufferer, and again laid her on her own bed of pain. "Daughter of sorrow! dost thou now understand the vision?"

"Oh, yes! but may I ask you one question?"

"Certainly."

"Were you sent to me to show me all this?"

"Assuredly."

"Oh! may I take to myself the consolation that I am a diamond, and am now in the hands of the strong man, who is polishing it for the crown of the great King?"

"Daughter of sorrow! thou mayest have that consolation; and every pang of suffering shall be like a flash of lightning in a dark night, revealing eternity to thee; and hereafter thou shalt 'run without weariness, and walk without faintness,' and sing with those who 'have come out of great tribulation.'"

BEARING THE CROSS.

One pleasant summer eve, a poor deformed girl had wandered alone to one of the public squares in P——. Seating herself beneath a tree, where she could see the fountain sending up its playful waters, she forgot for a while her loneliness; but presently a party of young ladies came by, and one, in thoughtless merriment, exclaimed:

"Do look at the little wretch's back!" All turned, and with curious eyes gazed upon her. I was seated on an opposite bench; and as they passed on, marked the tears as they overflowed the eyes of the sensitive child. Approaching her, I endeavoured to speak consoling words. With a slight caress of her little hand, and eyes blinded with tears, she looked up to me and said, "Thank you, ma'am, for being so kind. My Sabbath school teacher says my *cross* has been placed upon my back: but O! kind lady, when people look upon me so proudly, and the boys call me ugly names, and the girls won't let me play with them, then I feel grieved, and I cannot help crying. Do tell me, lady, will Jesus never take my cross away?"

Years passed by, and once more at my boarding-house I met the child, now grown to womanhood. Her countenance was spiritually beautiful, but she still bore the burden of her childhood. Being together for some weeks, an intimacy sprang up between us; and one day, as we sat conversing, she alluded to our first meeting. "My misfortune," said she, "was long a source of grievous unhappiness; but, thank God, there at last came to me an answer to my oft-repeated question: Shall I never cease to bear this cross?" And, going to her portfolio, she handed me the following lines, observing, "The last line has been my consolation."

The tears will fall, O Father,
When I see
Those curious glances
Fixed on me.
How long this cross, my Saviour, must I bear?
"Until thine eyes no more can shed a tear."

The flesh will rise, O Father,
When I hear
Those rude, insulting words—
The bitter jeer.
How long, O Lord, must I, with trembling, fear?
"Till thou these mocking words no more canst hear!"

Sad are my thoughts, O Father;
Well I know
Of times neglects are mine,
For this deep woe.
How long, kind Parent, must I check each sob?
"Until thy heart no more with pain can throb."

Then all my life, O Father,
Teach me how
Beneath the galling cross
To humbly bow.
O! shall I never cease to feel the rod?
"All trials cease in heaven, at home with God."

A Page for the Young.

"ONE TO-DAY IS WORTH TWO TO-MORROWS."

"Why do you not start at once, Frederick? There's time enough. There's a train leaves in about three hours; and you would reach Liverpool in time to see Mr. L—— the first thing to-morrow morning, and settle the matter out of hand. Take my advice: go home directly, put up the few things you want for your journey; come back again; take an omnibus to the station, and your ticket for Liverpool; and there you are." The young man spoke with amazing energy, in giving this advice: he was quite warm and animated—unnecessarily so, his friend evidently thought.

"Why, dear me, John, how you do run on! To Liverpool to-day! Why, 'tis pretty near noon now. There, hark! there go the three-quarters by St. Paul's."

"The greater reason why you should make haste, Fred. And if you do, I tell you there is time enough. Look; here is the time-table. The train, you see—the train that would do capitally for you—leaves, as I told you, in something more than three hours' time, and gets to Liverpool,—ah—yes—ah—in plenty of time for you to snatch a few hours' sleep, and then on to Mr. L——'s office the first thing to-morrow morning; and so you will get the first chance."

"My dear fellow, you quite bewilder me with your eagerness and wild way of talking about starting off at once, as though it was such an easy matter to take a journey of a couple of hundred miles at an hour's notice. Goodness, John! Why won't to-morrow do as well as to-day?"

"Because 'one to-day is worth two to-morrows,'" responded the bustling friend.

"Pooh! that is one of your musty proverbs, John," said the other youth. "Why, one might almost fancy that you wanted to get rid of me."

"You know better than that, Fred. But answer me one question—Don't you want to obtain this situation?" He laid his finger on an open letter which lay between him and his friend.

"Why, you know I do. That is, you know I want some employment badly enough. It is no pleasant thing for a fellow to be knocking about London, or anywhere else, week after week, with nothing to do, and wasting what little capital he has got in idleness. You know that, John," said Frederick S——, almost reproachfully.

"Well; and here is employment open to you—that is, if you make speed about it. But you see what Mr. L—— says in this letter—that the berth must be filled up at once—that there are several applicants for it—that he cannot engage with you without first seeing you—that he will pay your expenses to Liverpool—but that he must see you on the fifth of the month, before noon at the latest."

"Yes, yes, yes, yes," said Fred, impatiently; "I know all that very well. And I know that I only had that letter this morning, and that this is the fourth of the month, and—in short—that it can't be done."

"But it can be done, Fred. I have shown you that it can be done; only time is going, going, going! There are five minutes gone already."

"Let them go. The idea! See how it rains, John."

"Nonsense, rain! only a passing shower; and if it does rain, you can take a bus, or a cab, and get home in half an hour; take another half-hour for packing up your traps; another for getting back into the City; then you will have an hour and a half for getting to the station yonder, rain or no rain."

"It won't take an hour and a half," said Fred.

"So much the better," said John; "'tis always a good plan to have a few minutes to spare in going by a railway train; but that shows how it can be done, and easily."

"Easily! yes, if I had nothing more to do than you talk about. Easily! yes, it is uncommon easy to talk, John; I admit that."

"And easy to do when you set about it in earnest, Fred. At any rate it will be as easy for you to go to Liverpool to-day as it will be to-morrow. If you don't think it worth while to go at all, why, that is a different matter, and another question," added John.

"There you go: you don't give a fellow time to say a word or look about him," rejoined Fred, almost angrily. "You know, John, that it is worth my while to go; and that I mean going. All I say is, and I stick to it, that I don't like being hurried in this way. I wonder at you, John; why can't you give one a bit of encouragement the other way? 'Tis just like you."

"There, now you are angry with me, Fred; and you must know, my dear fellow, that it is without occasion. It is not I who hurry you, but this letter. Only read it again; and what does it say? Why, that you must be at Mr. L——'s office before noon on the fifth—that is to-morrow; and you know very well that to do this you ought to go to-day, if not this afternoon, by the night train; but I should recommend this afternoon—this very day, Fred. But you must make up your mind quickly; there is another five minutes gone."

The reader is to suppose this dialogue or consultation to have taken place in a coffee room in the neighbourhood of Paternoster Row. The speakers were seated at a table with some slight refection before them, which might have passed either as a luncheon or an early and light dinner. It was evident, however, that they had met rather for the convenience of this short conference than for the indulgence of appetite; for the food on their plates had, to this time, remained almost untouched: now, however, they employed a few minutes in the business of the table.

They were young men, as we have said; and it may be added, that they were young men of good character and average abilities; also, that they were closely connected, not only by relationship, but by friendship. Hence the familiarity of their conversation.

In personal appearance there was little to choose between the two young men, perhaps; and yet a keen observer might have remarked (what the scrap of conversation set down would have confirmed) that there were signs and tokens of quick decision manifested by one of the speakers, which were wanting in his friend. Perhaps it was this want of firmness, or setness of purpose, which had so operated against the interests of Frederick S——, as to throw him out, and keep him out, of employment. At all events, he had been "knocking about London," as he expressed it, several weeks, and seeking for a situation without success, when the exertions and influence of his friend had procured for him the offer of a lucrative position in a merchant's office at Liverpool, subject to the conditions already hinted at. We return, from this short discussion, to the fag-end of the consultation.

"There's twelve o'clock striking," said John, "and I must be back to business. Have you made up your mind, Fred?"

"Well, yes; I suppose it will be better to do as you say. It is hurrying work, though."

"And every minute you lose now will make it more hurrying; so I won't keep you talking any longer. I am glad you have determined to take time by the forelock. And now, good-bye. Only get to Mr. L——'s office in good time, and I think I can answer for your success. You will do well there, no fear. I am only sorry we shall be so far apart, but that can't be helped. Once more, good-bye."

So the friends shook hands and parted—John hastening to his house of business, and Frederick walking, not so rapidly, in an opposite direction towards his lodgings.

"John is a good fellow," soliloquized Frederick; "but he is so uncommonly fidgety that it makes one nervous to be in his company. He is quite irritating. However, I must say there is some sense in his advice this time, and I had better take it; and so——"

"You are the very person I was wishing to see, S——. How fortunate I should meet with you!" This, accompanied by a cordial grasp of the hand, brought Frederick's soliloquy to a sudden close, and himself to a standstill. He had fallen in with another friend.

"I am glad to meet you, Greene; only, you see, I—I am rather in a hurry."

"I am sorry for that. I am just going to that exhibition of pictures; and I have an extra ticket. You were

saying last week, you know, that you wished to go."

"You don't mean that you have procured a ticket on purpose?"

"Yes. Cannot you come?"

"I am extremely sorry: it is dreadfully unfortunate. But—the truth is—I am intending to start for Liverpool this afternoon."

"Nonsense!"

"It is true, though. Just read this letter." And Frederick put the letter into his friend Greene's hand.

"Pooh! you cannot get down to Liverpool to-day," said Greene when he had glanced over the note.

"Yes, I can; at least, I suppose so, if I don't waste time." Frederick was wasting time then; but he did not think of that. "The train does not start till three o'clock," he added.

"But this is not the way to the station. You are not going there now, are you?"

"No, no; I have to get to my lodgings first, to put a few things together; and then I'm off."

"You'll never do it, Fred. It is very nearly half-past twelve now."

"Yes, I think I can manage it; only a fellow doesn't like to be hurried so."

"Well, what need to be in such a bustle? You may as well go with me to the exhibition, and then take the night train. You will get to Liverpool time enough then; and you can sleep as you travel."

"That's what I told John Usher: I said I could go by the night train; but he would not hear of it. He is so dreadfully fidgety, you know."

"Oh, he! Well, what do you say, S——?"

"That I think I'll take your advice. In fact, it is almost too late now for the three o'clock train; and I hate being bustled about. Yes, I'll go with you, Greene."

. . . . .

Frederick S—— was a young man of cultivated taste, though only a merchant's clerk; and time passed away rapidly and pleasantly at the exhibition. Once or twice an uneasy reflection flitted across his mind that he might perhaps have to pay dearly for his afternoon's enjoyment. But he quieted himself with the thought that it would all come right in the end; and his friend Greene laughed at his anxieties.

"You had better go home and spend the evening with me, S——," said Greene, when late in the afternoon they found themselves once more in the street.

"No, no, thank you; I really must be getting ready for my journey now."

"You are quite ridiculous about this journey, S——," said Greene, laughing. "Why there is time enough and to spare. You have only to get to your lodgings by nine o'clock; pack up for this precious journey; then to the station; and ——"

"Well, well! we may as well spend this last evening of mine in London together. It will be very dull at my lodgings alone."

"To be sure it will; so here we go."

"I expect John Usher would look rather grave if he were to meet us, though," said Frederick, rather self-reproachfully.

"Usher! Nonsense! He won't see us; and if he should, you are not in leading strings, I should hope."

"No, I should hope not, indeed," said Frederick, proudly, as he took Greene's arm.

. . . . .

"You are too late, sir—too late by several hours, as you see." And Mr. L——, as he said this, pointed significantly to the clock in his office, whose hands pointed to four.

"I am very sorry, sir," said Frederick S——; and indeed he looked very sorry.

"Well, I regret it too, if you do, Mr. S——," replied Mr. L—— kindly. "But my note would have explained to you that unless you made your appearance here by to-day at noon, I should consider the situation declined, and should be at liberty to fill it up otherwise. You were not here; and in justice to other applicants on the spot, as well as to save the inconvenience of further delay in my business, I have filled up the vacancy."

"Have you no other vacancy, sir?" asked Frederick, humbly.

"I have no other," said the merchant.

"I only received your letter yesterday morning, in London, sir," pleaded S——.

"True, there was a little delay of one post; but that gave you time, surely."

"I was just too late for the night train, sir; and so had to wait for the

first train this morning," said Frederick. He did not say anything about the three o'clock afternoon train, which he *might* have travelled by.

"It is very much to be regretted—very much indeed; and I can only say it is through no fault of mine that you have had a lost journey. But you see, Mr. S——, you should not have been too late."

Frederick's conscience told him that it was his own fault that he was too late. He had spent so pleasant an evening with his friend Greene, that he had overstayed the hour of breaking-up. Then he had been delayed at his lodgings; then—in short, and without entering into particulars, he reached the railway terminus in the suburbs just five minutes after the train had started.

"Punctuality, sir," continued the merchant, "is with me a *sine qud non*. A man that is not punctual is never to be depended on. The best qualities without punctuality are valueless, or next to valueless. I am sorry, for your sake, young man, that through want of punctuality you have lost the situation, since you appear to have set your mind on it. But it will be a lesson to you for life. If you had started off at once, and not deferred your journey to the very last train, or even if you had taken care to be in time for that, the disappointment would not have occurred. Never put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day, Mr. S——. Always act upon that wise maxim in future, and the present disappointment will have done you good."

. . . . .

"John Usher was right, after all," said Frederick, with a sigh, as heavy-hearted he paced the busy streets of Liverpool, on his way back to his inn. "He said that 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows.' If I had only listened to him!"

"One to-day is worth two to-morrows." "Never put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day." Young readers, in all you have to do in this world, seek to get, while young, a habit of promptness with consideration, and punctuality with determination. This is truly valuable for this world; but whatever position and success you gain here, remember you must die. Are you born again?

Our Sunday Schools.

THE GREAT CHANGE.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESS, BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

"We shall all be changed."—1 *Cor.* xv. 51.

WAS there ever a little boy who did not in the warm, beautiful summer, wish that the *autumn* would come, when the fruits would all be ripe? And when the autumn has come, does not this same boy wish for the *winter*, when the smooth ice will allow him to skate, and when the cold winds will freshen up his cheeks, and make him feel strong, and make him shout with the shouters? And when the winter is come, how he longs for the *spring*, when the grass will grow green, and the flowers burst their buds and bloom out,—when the birds will return, and the trees will rustle with new leaves, and the whole world seem to rejoice! So the boy loves change.

Was there ever a little girl who did not long to exchange her old doll for a new one; to take the promised new dress in her hand; to pay a visit to that distant place, where she is to ride, and to see new things, and to get hold of a new book? So the little girl loves change.

And so do all men. The farmer hastens from one crop to another, and, as soon as he has done sowing, begins to look forward to his harvest. The sailor on the ocean longs to see the land and enter the harbour; and when he has been on shore a few days, he longs to set out on a new voyage. The boy wants to be a youth, and the youth wants to be a man. God has so planned things, that we must have changes all the way through life. We are born, and our parents rejoice over us. We have sicknesses, and we have health,

We change our homes, live in different houses, form friendships, have our friends die and leave us. At death, there will come a great change. We shall change worlds, and go from this to another. We shall change society, leaving those whom we know here, for new companions in eternity. We shall not walk, or talk, or hear, or see, or feel, just as we now do, for we shall go to the world of spirits. We shall become spirits.

What a multitude of changes do we see going on around us! Very great changes they are, too! The old man now bending on his staff, and shuffling in his walk as if his feet could not be lifted from the ground, was once a fresh, bright-eyed boy, who could shout and run. But he went to school, and grew up, and became a man. Then he had a young and beautiful wife; then a family of children; but he has lived to see his children die, and he has buried his wife, and sold his home, and his friends and acquaintances are almost all dead, and he feels alone. The thin hair on his head is white, and his eyes are dim, and his ears are dull, and he has seen many, many changes.

Does it seem to you, little boys and girls, so bright and so fair, that *you* will ever pass through changes, so many and so great? O, yes, you will! The little child who has sickened and died has met with changes greater than any which the oldest man meets with in his life. And there is not a child who will not pass through *such* changes. Does it seem as if the little seed which you hold in your hand could be changed into a tree? Would you think that the little spotted bird's-egg could be changed, and become a thing that can fly and sing? Would you think that the poor worm on the ground could ever be changed into a beautiful butterfly?

If a man leaves his house to go where he never was before, and if he knows not when he shall return, there are two occasions of great interest to him. The first is, when he leaves his home; and the second, when he returns to it. When he leaves, how much the family talk about it! He tells them what to do, and how to do it. When it comes to the very morning on which he is to leave, the family all gather round the table, but they cannot eat. They try to talk cheerfully, but they are sad. How the man looks upon the face of his wife, and each of the children! How he walks through his house, wondering in his heart if he shall ever see these things again! When he goes out to begin his journey, what thoughts are stirred within him, as he turns and looks back on his home! Will he ever see it again? And how the family feel lonely and desolate after he has gone! When will they see him again?

The other great event is when the man returns. The family learn the name of the ship in which he is to come. They count the days she will be likely to be in coming across the ocean. They watch the winds and the storms. They prepare the house, and get everything ready to give him a warm welcome. They hear that the ship has put into the harbour; and now they watch the moment when the train or the carriage will come, bringing back the wanderer. And when he reaches home, how the children run out, and shout to meet their father! They want to take his hand, to touch his coat, to hang upon his neck! His return to his home is a great event!

Now, my dear children, there are two great changes through which every-one of you must pass;—I mean when you die, and leave that body in which you live, and when you return to it at the resurrection-day. Dying is like leaving your home to go on a long journey.

Since I began to write this Lecture, and before I could finish it, a little lamb has been gathered into the fold of the great Shepherd. She was thirteen years an inhabitant of this world. Some months ago, the Spirit of God touched her heart, and taught her that she was a lost sinner. She came to talk with me alone about the salvation of the soul. It was a time when none of my dear flock seemed to want to be led to the great Shepherd, and I was surprised to see her. A few minutes convinced me, as I talked with her, that she had been taught by the Holy Spirit. She wanted peace of mind, deliverance from sin, and a Friend to stand by her for ever.

"Emma, have you learned that you are a sinner?"

"Yes, sir; I feel it more and more every day."

"Have you asked for mercy yourself?"

"Yes, sir, every day."

"How long have you been in the habit of daily prayer?"

"I have always *said* my prayers, but I do not think I have really prayed till about two months ago."

"I do not ask you to *tell* me what it is,—but do you *know* what your easily-besetting sin is,—I mean the sin that gives you the most trouble?"

"I think I do, sir; and I try to pray against it, and to kill it! It is *my temper*, sir! But I think I have done something to overcome it."

"You tell me, Emma, that you want to make a profession of religion. Why do you?"

"Because, sir, Christ has told us to do so; and because I want to be among his people; and because I may die early, and I want to do my duty, as fully as I can."

The Saviour was set before her as our only Righteousness, and her faith and love took hold of him with a strong grasp.

On the next occasion of celebrating the Lord's supper, little Emma stood up to be received into the church. Her father was dead, and her mother was away, and so alone, of all her family, she came. She was small in size, pale as a lily, and I could not but say, as I welcomed her, "Little one, God is able to make thee stand!" She was the youngest in the church, and probably the youngest that ever joined this church. She was then in good health. But in a few months, on my return home, I heard that Emma was ill. I hastened to her bedside, and found her very dangerously ill. The frail body seemed to thrill with pain, and the waves rolled deep over her. But her spirit, like some white marble on which the finger of God had been writing, came out clear and distinct, and showed the writing between the rolling waves. Her mind was clear and bright as a summer's morning, and her voice like a silver bell, as she called her friends round her, and calmly bade them farewell. When asked by her pastor what he should pray for, she replied, that Christ would take her to himself! She spoke of going home, and being almost at home; and upon her beautiful brow and her meek face, peace and hope poured their oil of gladness. You could almost hear the wings of the angel who came for his charge. Death had no sting, the grave no victory. Not a cloud hung over her, nor the shadow of a doubt disturbed her. I have seen strong men die, and aged Christians go home; but never before saw a child die thus ripened in grace! I have heard the great ocean lift up its voice and speak of God, and I have heard his power proclaimed in the thunders as they rolled among the mighty Alps; but I never before heard his praises so perfected out of the mouth of the babe!

The physician was very anxious, and the family were in great distress, and the watchers walked softly around her bed; but she was calm, and clear in mind, and unalarmed. She was willing to leave everything concerning herself with her Saviour. But the next night she was much worse. They told her they feared she was dying! Then she asked to see each one of her friends separately, that she might bid farewell to each. She threw her arms around the neck of her mother and sisters, and begged them to come to Christ, and to love her Saviour. To each one she had a special charge to give; and to each little girl in her Sabbath school class she sent a special message. Calm and gentle, with the mind bright, she talked of her hopes, her faith, her love,—and of her approaching death, as if it were a pleasant journey she was about to take. The physician, who had seen many die, old and young and middle-aged, and who had *read* of the happy deaths of children, said he had never seen or read of anything like this! She told her sister and intimate friends how *easy* it seemed to her to love the Saviour, and, stretching out her little hand, bade them a most affectionate farewell.

She died gently as a rose-bud would fall from its stem, or as the lily would fold up its leaves at sunset, and go to sleep for the night! In less time than I can describe it to you, she was changed. The bright eye was closed; the sweet voice was silent; the ear heard not; the hands, white as the sheet, lay still on her breast; the sighing was over, and the heart did not beat. She was dead! What a change! Now the body had no soul in it! It lay like a body of alabaster. The widowed mother and friends stood

weeping around it. But where was *she*? Where had Emma herself gone? That cold body was not Emma,—any more than the picture shut up in a case is a person, or any more than a casket is the jewel which is in it. We trust she had gone to heaven,—where she would see her Saviour,—where she would see the bright angels and the glorious spirits of just men made perfect. What a change! Here, she was listening to the sobs and groans of her weeping friends; there, she is surrounded by happy ones who are singing the songs of heaven. Here, she saw her minister at her bedside pointing her to Christ; there, she sees Christ himself in his glory. Here, she heard prayers and supplications; there, she hears praise and thanksgiving and songs of joy. Here, she saw tears and weeping; there, God wipes away all tears from all eyes. Here, she felt sick even unto death; there, she shall no more say, "I am sick." Here, the frail lily felt the cold storms and the chilling winds; there, it is placed in a garden where no storms or winds come. What a change!

But there will be a greater change still, when her spirit will one day live in that body again! When she lay in the coffin, so fair and so beautiful, she looked like some fair creature asleep. Those looks will change, and the very coffin in which she sleeps, and the great stone tomb in which she was laid, will wear away and be gone, and forgotten—by men! But she will not be forgotten by Christ. He knows where each one of his friends is buried, and he hath appointed a day in the which he will send an angel before him, as kings sometimes send heralds before them to call the people together to whom they will speak. Christ is now in heaven, preparing a home for his friends; but at the end of all things he will come back. He will come in the clouds of heaven, and all the holy angels with him. The redeemed spirits of heaven will come with him. What a light will fill the heavens, as he sits down on "the great white throne!" In an instant, even in the twinkling of an eye, every dead man and woman and child hears the voice! The ground heaves, the graves that have been forgotten for thousands of years are opened! Out of the deep, deep sea, they come,—from every hill-side, from every valley, from every cavern and lonely place, from buried cities and forgotten places, they start out to life! "We shall all be changed." The good and the bad, the old and the young, the great and the small, will all be changed. The man who was murdered, and concealed so that his grave was never found, will then come back to life. The grave in which God buried Moses will then be found, though no man knows where it is to this day.

And now, dear children, which of you would be thus prepared to die, should you be thus cut down before another Sabbath? When any one dies who gives no evidence of being a Christian, we bury him, but we do not like to say anything about him. We do not often mention his name. We hardly like even to think of him! But when a little child dies, leaving such evidence that she belonged to Christ, how we love to speak of her, to think of her, to recall her words and looks! Her very tomb is beautiful. A silver light seems to rise up from it. Long, long will the name of this child linger among us, and her life and her death will teach every child that he has no excuse and no apology for not being a Christian! If one little child can embrace Christ, so can all children, so can all hearts! Oh, tell me, is there anything on earth which you would not give to be able to die such a death!

To the friends of Jesus Christ this will be a blessed change,—greater than the man feels who has been a long time away from his home, and returns,—greater than the sick man feels, when he gets off the bed of pain, and can ride out and see the beautiful fields. The old, feeble man will be changed,—so that he shall have a new body, young, active, and strong. The little child, crushed by sickness and death, will be changed—so that she will never again say, "I am sick." That poor, helpless one who could not walk a step, and who for long, long years never saw a day of health, shall be changed, and he will leap like a hart and shout for joy. That little blind child, who never saw his mother's face, or the bright flowers of the garden, or the smiles of his father, or the forms of his little brothers and sisters, will be changed, and will see all that is lovely and

beautiful in God's new creation; and that little mute one, who never heard the voice of love, nor the sweet sounds of music, nor the words of human lips, will be changed, and will hear the songs of angels and the songs of saints in heaven even for ever! There will be no sick or feeble ones then. They will not need crutches to help them to walk. They will not have sick-rooms or sick-beds there!

Sometimes we see great changes take place here, in wonderful ways. From the knife of the surgeon come health and joy. From the vials and drugs in the apothecary's shop, come renewed health and strength to the sick man. Who would think that, from the dark cold grave, God could raise up new bodies, bright as angels and beautiful as rainbows! In the bottom of the pond, far down in the deep mud, is buried a small root. Who would think that, from that dark, disagreeable place, God could make the lily grow, till it rests on the top of the waters, and, unfolding its white leaves, looks up into the bright heavens,—one of the purest, whitest, sweetest things that ever grew! Who would think that the dark-brown pebble which the tawny Indian child picks up at the foot of some great mountain in India, could be polished so as to be a diamond,—to be set in the crown of a king, and to be kept as a thing of great value, from age to age!

Christ's body,—his head, torn by the crown of thorns,—his hands and feet and side, pierced by the nails and the spear,—all cold and dead, was laid in the tomb. But he was changed; and how glorious was he when he showed himself to Saul of Tarsus, and to John his beloved disciple on the isle of Patmos! Stephen's body, all bruised and mangled with stones, was laid in the grave; but he will be changed, and will come from that grave in brightness and glory. They buried John the Baptist with his head cut off by the wicked; but he will come from that grave with a crown of life on his head!

Some men went to China once, and because they were forbidden to carry the silk-worm out of the country, they hid some of the little creature's eggs in the top of their staves; and so out of those two dry staves came all the silk-worms and all the silk that have been in Europe since! What a wonder!

A poor rag-picker takes a short stick in his hand, and goes into the dirty gutters of the city streets, and picks up little bits of rag and of paper. These he puts into his old bag. But they are washed, and made use of to form the pure white sheet of paper, beautiful enough for a queen to write on!

Who can doubt that God can take these poor bodies, and out of them raise up new and better ones? Out of the very bones that lie in the darkness of the grave, he can make something that will be brighter than the sun for ever!

Children, though you are so young and so fair, you must be changed. You must be changed by time, as it makes you older; by sickness, which will wither you, as the worm withers the flower; by death, which will turn you into corpses; and by Christ, when he comes to waken all the dead! O children! if you *love* and *trust* that Saviour, if you please him, by shunning what he forbids and doing what he commands, if you live to please and honour him, you shall be changed, and become like the Saviour,—holy, glorious, immortal, and blessed for ever!

Our Associations.

OLD WELSH ASSOCIATION (INCLUDING THE COUNTIES OF RADNOR AND MONTGOMERY).—The ministers and delegates of the churches composing this Association met in conference at Presteign, on Tuesday, June 6th, at 11 a.m. and 2 p.m., and on Wednesday morning, the 7th, at 8 a.m. The Rev. W. H. Payne, pastor of the church, was chosen moderator. The minutes of the last Association were read, and the following resolutions adopted *nem. con.*:—1. That the Baptist colleges be allowed to collect through the churches, and the college at Llangollen be included, and cordially recommended to the sympathy and support of the churches. 2.

That an account be given in the Circular Letters of the expenditure of moneys sent to the Association. 3. That the languid state of the churches throughout the Association demands deep humiliation, faithful scrutiny of our own hearts, earnest prayer for the restoration of the divine favour, and self-denying exertion on the part of every church-member; and that the first Sunday in August be set apart as a day of special prayer for the outpourings of the Holy Spirit, and a collection then made towards the Widows' Fund. 4. That all moneys sent to the Widows' Fund be inserted in the statistics of the Association. 5. That this Conference earnestly requests the churches to make contributions towards the Bible Translation Society. 6. That the churches at Kington and Lyonshall be cordially admitted into the Association. 7. That no minister shall be recognised by the churches of this Association without letters of recommendation from the Association or colleges from whence they come. 8. That the next Association be held at Caersws the first Wednesday and Thursday in June, 1866. 9. That the Rev. H. Rees, of Talywern, be cordially received into this Association. 10. That the Circular Letter read by the Rev. W. H. Payne, on "The importance of individual effort for the souls of others," is heartily approved, and ordered to be printed in English and Welsh. 11. That a portion of the afternoon's collection be appropriated to the expense of printing the letter. The attention of the Conference was directed to some of the village churches in Montgomeryshire, and commended to the local Home Mission, and expressions of sympathy were elicited on behalf of the Freedmen's Aid Society, the National Society, and the Baptist Union. Local agents were appointed in each county for organized efforts to obtain extra assistance to the Baptist Missionary Society. A harmony of feeling pervaded, and a most interesting and profitable discussion followed every sitting. The sum of £2 3s. 2d. was brought by the churches for the Widows' Fund. The Revs. J. Nicholas, of Caersws, D. Davies, Nantgwyn, G. Phillips, Evenjobb, D. Evans, Knighton, and W. H. Payne, took part in the devotional exercises of the Conference. On Tuesday evening the Rev. J. Jones, of Malsyrhelim, preached at Evenjobb; the Revs. T. Havard, of Franksbridge, and C. W. Smith, of Kington, at the Forge; the Revs. G. Llewellyn, of Erwood, and D. Davies, of Nantgwyn, at Stansbatch; and at Presteign, the Rev. J. Jones, of Rock, introduced the services, and the Rev. I. Edwards, of Llanidloes, preached from Acts xiii. 30, and the Rev. J. Nicholas, of Caersws, from Hebrews viii. 6. At each place there were good congregations and effective services. On the Wednesday morning, the services were held in the Baptist chapel, the Rev. J. George, of Gravel, read Psalm cv., and offered prayer; the Rev. H. Rees, of Talywern, preached from John iv. 24; T. T. Phillips, of Painscastle, from Luke xv. 17–24; D. Davies, of Dolau, from Ephesians iv. 30. The ministers and messengers, with the other Dissenting ministers, adjourned to the Radnorshire Arms Hotel, where a cold collation was provided. In the afternoon, the services were held in the open air, at a place called Wardens, where the Castle of Presteign once stood. It was on this enchanting spot the waggon for the speakers was placed, and rustic seats erected for the strangers. The Rev. D. Davies, of Mochdref, read Psalm xxiii., and offered prayer. The preachers on that occasion were the Revs. M. Morgan, of New Wells, from Matt. vi. 6; J. Jones, of the Rock, from Matt. xii. 42; and E. Roberts, of Newtown, from 1 Timothy i. 19. After this service a collection was made for the Baptist Union. Tea was provided in the chapel and in the houses of the friends for the strangers present. In the evening, the Rev. C. W. Smith, of Kington, read and expounded John x. The preachers were the Revs. G. Phillips, from Deut. xxxi. 6; D. Davies, Nantgwyn, from 1 Chron. iv. 9–10; and D. Evans, from Is. xxv. 9. The weather was all that could be desired, the congregations large, and the attention unwearied. The greatest kindness and hospitality were manifested by the friends of all denominations.

East Kent and Sussex Association.—The annual meetings of this Association were held in the Baptist Congregational chapel, Margate, on Tuesday and Wednesday, May the 30th and 31st. A goodly number of representatives assembled on Tuesday, at noon, for the despatch of business. In the absence of the elected pastor (the Rev. J. Drew), J. B. Flint, Esq., one of the deacons of the church, was chosen moderator. After some devotional exercises, the minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed, and a unanimous vote of thanks was presented to the treasurer, J. B. Flint, Esq., of Margate, and the secretary, Rev. R. C. Etheridge, of Ramsgate, for their past services, coupled with a request that they would discharge those offices during the year ensuing. In the afternoon, the letters from the various churches were read, and a considerable increase in

numbers, both in the schools, congregations, and churches, was reported. An address was delivered by the Rev. C. Kirtland, of Canterbury, in which he pleaded the claims of the Home and Irish Missions, and in affectionate terms took his farewell of the brethren with whom he had laboured and lived so happily for many years. The representatives responded to Mr. Kirtland's kind words by unanimously adopting the following resolution:—"That our beloved brother, the Rev. C. Kirtland, of Canterbury, having accepted a unanimous invitation from the committee and members of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission to become its secretary, the members of this Association hereby express their sincere regret at his removal; at the same time they cannot but feel that the position he has accepted is an honourable and important one, and one for which he is admirably qualified, and they desire affectionately to commend him to the God of all grace, who alone can sustain him in his arduous undertaking. They desire also affectionately and earnestly to urge the churches of this Association to do all in their power by enlarged contributions to its valuable objects, and hope that the churches separately, or in their united capacity, will cordially receive him when he shall be able to visit them on its behalf." In the evening, an earnest sermon was preached by the Rev. C. Skemp, of Eythorne, from Psalm cxix. 28. On the Wednesday morning, a prayer-meeting was held at seven a.m., and at eleven a.m. the Rev. W. Barker, of Hastings, preached a powerful sermon from Isaiah lxii. 1–6; and the Rev. J. Wilkins, of Brighton, read the Circular Letter—subject, "Female Agency in Connexion with our Churches;" which was cordially adopted, and ordered to be printed, with a unanimous vote of thanks to the writer. In the evening, a public meeting was held on behalf of county missions. The moderator presided; and the Revs. W. Blanchflower (Wesleyan); J. Veals, J. Ainsworth, H. J. Betts (Independent); J. R. Pike, W. Barker, and B. C. Etheridge, addressed the meeting. The following were some of the resolutions passed at the various meetings for business:—"That, as in the judgment of this meeting, the contributions to the Association Fund have not been in proportion to the wants of the district, and the ability of the churches, it is therefore earnestly recommended that more liberal assistance should be rendered, to enable the committee more efficiently to help the weaker churches."—"That this Association regrets that the bill for the abolition of church-rates has been again defeated by an increased majority, and would strongly urge upon all Nonconformist electors, at the approaching general election, so to exert their influence and record their votes as may tend to the speedy and only satisfactory settlement of this long-vexed and irritating question."—"That this Association records its gratitude to Almighty God that the terrible and unnatural war in America is now virtually terminated, and is likely to issue in the destruction of slavery and the general elevation of the coloured races. It deeply sympathizes with the American people, and the family of the late President, in their sorrow at his removal by a foul and atrocious assassination, at a time when his prudence and magnanimity seemed necessary to the nation, and had raised him to the highest honour as a statesman, and to lasting respect; and they earnestly desire a closer co-operation between the Baptists in the two countries in the evangelization of the world."

WESTERN AND DEVON ASSOCIATIONS.—The triennial meetings of the Western and Devon Associations were held at Yeovil on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of last month. The gathering of ministers, messengers, and friends, was unusually large, and great praise is due to the Yeovil friends for the generous hospitality manifested on the occasion. On the Tuesday evening, the Rev. E. Webb preached to the young from Jer. iii. 4, and Psalm lxxiii. 24. On the Wednesday morning, the Rev. J. R. Wood preached from Rom. viii. 3. In the afternoon the letters from the churches were read, showing an increase of about three to a church. In the evening the Association sermon was preached by the Rev. T. C. Page, from John xvii. 10, subject: "Nonconformity to the world essential to the prosperity of our churches." After the sermon, the Lord's supper was observed, at which the Rev. E. Webb presided. Brethren Price, Carman, Birt, and Mills, took part in this very delightful service; from 400 to 500 persons were present at the Lord's table. On the Thursday morning, at seven o'clock, a well-attended prayer-meeting was held; at eleven a.m., the Rev. G. Humphreys, B.A., read the Circular Letter,—subject: "The importance and best means of developing the piety, intelligence, and usefulness of the Young Members of our Churches." This excellent letter was cordially adopted by the Associations. In the evening the annual meeting of the evangelical societies of the two Associations was held, presided over by Peter Adams, Esq. The secretaries,

Messrs. Edwards and Webb, read the reports, and brethren King, Birt, Field, and Jennings, gave suitable addresses. The labours of the societies' agents are full of promise and encouragement. At the business meetings several resolutions were adopted—among others, the following:—"That the ministers and messengers of the Western and Devon Associations, assembled at Yeovil, desire to express their hearty approval of the amalgamation of the Baptist Home and Irish Societies."—"That the Associations, while rejoicing at the cessation of war in the United States of America, desire to record their grateful recognition of the overruling hand of God by which a struggle, avowedly commenced in the interest of slavery, has terminated in the emancipation of nearly four millions of slaves; that they tender their hearty congratulations to all in America who, through evil report and good, have been true to freedom; and now recommend the churches of the Associations to second, by liberal contributions, the effort of the National Freedmen's Aid Society, having for its object the supplying of the freed negroes with food, clothing, and instruction, so far as may be necessary during their transition to the state of free independent labourers." The meetings were well attended, and a feeling of hallowed joy experienced, but chastened by the painful recollection of the illness of the beloved pastor of the church, the Rev. R. James, in whose absence the Rev. E. Edwards acted as moderator. The Western Association accepted an invitation to meet next year at Crewkerne, and the Devon at Torquay.

SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK ASSOCIATION.—On Tuesday and Wednesday, June 13 and 14, there was a vast gathering of people from all parts of the county to the annual meeting of this Association, held at Grundisburgh. At the commencement of this century, there were but two Baptist churches in this county (Stoke Green, Ipswich, and Wattisham). Now there are seventy,—twenty-nine of which are united in this Association,—together with several others in Norfolk. The Association was formed at Grundisburgh thirty-six years ago, and has continued steadily to grow, and very profitably to work for many benevolent objects. An efficient Home Missionary Society has been one of its principal branches of service; while a large sum of money has been collected, and carefully distributed among its poorer members—helping with timely supply many a needy hand, and cheering many a drooping heart. Continental and Foreign Missions have also been largely helped through its instrumentality; and many philanthropic enterprises received its practical sympathy. Without doubt it has proved a great blessing in the county, alike in the promotion of pure and undefiled religion, as of morality, social happiness, and well-being. Mr. John Cooper, of Wattisham, presided as moderator, and was ably supported by Mr. Samuel Collins, for upwards of thirty-eight years the energetic and excellent pastor of Grundisburgh church. The venerable secretary, Mr. George Wright, of Beccles, this year resigns his office, and is followed into his retirement by the fervent affection of all his brethren. He is succeeded by Mr. Cooper. Mr. Wright's co-pastor, Mr. S. K. Bland, acted as secretary throughout these meetings. The meetings were held in the spacious Association-tent, pitched in the beautiful park of Mr. Philip Harris, who freely granted that, and his barns and stabling, for the use of the Association. The meetings were attended by at least three thousand persons. On the first day interesting letters were read from all the churches, and (while the representatives of the churches were engaged in the transaction of the business) powerful sermons preached by Messrs. Austin, of Dover, and Wyard, of London. The services were recommenced very early on Wednesday morning with various devotional meetings, and sermons were afterwards preached by the ministers appointed. Mr. Sears, of Laxfield, dwelt upon the sufferings of Christ, and Mr. Hill, of Stoke Ash, eloquently traced the path of the Redeemer "into heaven itself—there to appear in the presence of God for us." Messrs. Poock and Wilkins, of Ipswich; Hawkins and Higham, of London; and many other ministers, took part in the services; which were brought to a close by a very earnest and affectionate charge, delivered by Mr. Collins. Good collections were made, and about £80 voted to help several of the poorer churches. For all the objects promoted by this Association, it is instrumental in raising about £300 a year.

ANGLESEA ASSOCIATION.—The annual meetings in connexion with this Association were held at Beaumaris on the 30th and 31st of May. The ministers and delegates met together at ten o'clock on the first day; J. Lewis, Esq., Holyhead, chairman, and J. Palmer, Esq., Amlwch, secretary. The reports of the churches regarding church-members, Sunday schools, and general aspect of the denomination throughout the island, were highly encou-

raging. The resolutions passed, besides those of local interest, were in favour of the "Baptist Union," "Widows' Fund," "Freedmen's Aid Society," and also the one which follows in reference to the assassination of Mr. Lincoln and the fall of slavery:—"Resolved, That this Association desires to express the deepest regret at the irreparable loss which has befallen the people of the United States, by the untimely death of President Lincoln, and also its sincere condolence with Mrs. Lincoln on the sad event; also, to congratulate our Christian brethren in America on the triumph of negro emancipation." The necessity and propriety of a "Home Mission" for the county, to assist weak churches and extend the cause, also came under consideration. A committee was formed—J. Owen, Esq., Llangoed, being chairman. The public services were commenced in the evening, and continued during the following day. The ministers officiating were the Revs. J. Williams, Holyhead; J. Owen, and J. D. Evans, Llangefni; J. James, Bethesda; A. J. Parry, Cefnmawr; W. Thomas, Liverpool; R. Ellis, Carnarvon; L. Jones, Pwllheli; J. Lloyd, Merthyr; and E. Thomas, Newport. The friends at Beaumaris deserve much praise for the kindness and liberality which they showed to the strangers on these days.

Southern Association.—This Association held its meeting at Forton, near Gosport, on the 6th and 7th of June. On the Tuesday morning, at eleven o'clock, the ministers and messengers met for the transaction of business. The Rev. J. H. Cooke, and the moderator, the Rev. J. Neobard, prayed. The following resolution was carried:—"That this Association, sensible of the importance of the many questions affecting the position of Nonconformists, which will present themselves for legislative decision in the next Parliament of Great Britain, urges upon all electors in the churches connected with this Association, the propriety of using their votes and influence at the approaching general election in favour of those candidates only who, by their declared opinions and political alliances, give satisfactory assurance that, by their advocacy and votes in the House of Commons, they will still further advance the emancipation of all persons, of whatever religious belief, from all civil disabilities imposed on account of their faith." In the afternoon, the letters from the churches were read; which were, on the whole, of an encouraging character. In the evening, at half-past six o'clock, a public meeting, in connexion with the District Home Mission, was held; A. Pegler, Esq., of Southampton, in the chair. The Rev. J. F. Smith prayed. The Rev. J. B. Burt read the report; and Messrs. Caven, Tansfield, Chambers, and Williams, powerfully advocated the claims of the Society. On the Wednesday morning, at seven o'clock, a prayer-meeting was held, at which the Rev. J. Hockin gave an address; at eleven o'clock, the Rev. E. G. Gange read and prayed. The Rev. J. T. Thorpe, of Winchester, read and preached from Heb. iv. 15. In the afternoon, a meeting for fraternal conference was held, under the presidency of the Rev. J. Davis. After the meeting had been addressed by several brethren, the Rev. C. Kirtland brought forward the claims of the Home Missionary Society for Great Britain and Ireland, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That this Association, having heard the statement of the Rev. C. Kirtland concerning the British and Irish Society, whilst thanking him for his visit, would commend to the churches the claims of this mission, and recommend that, where practicable, the deputation he proposes should be received, and collections made on its behalf." In the evening, at half-past six, the Rev. J. Collins read and prayed; and the Rev. T. Morris, of Whitchurch, preached from Matthew xvii. 9; after which a united communion service was held, at which the Rev. F. Wills presided. The thanks of the Association were given to the Treasurer, the Rev. J. B. Burt, and to the Secretary, the Rev. T. Morris, and that they continue their services during the ensuing year. The meetings throughout were very interesting and profitable, and good, it is hoped, will be the result.

Gloucestershire Association.—The annual meetings of the Gloucestershire Association were held on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 6th and 7th, at Chalford; Mr. Ayers, moderator. A goodly number of ministers and messengers were present at the business meetings, while all the public meetings were well attended, and were of a very encouraging character. The brethren met for business at a quarter to three on the Tuesday afternoon, and resumed their sittings after the evening service, and between the services on the Wednesday. Mr. Dangerfield was re-appointed treasurer, and Mr. Collings secretary, with thanks for their past services. The report of the Home Mission Committee was read and passed, and a hope expressed that churches would increase their contributions in the future. The